THE HISTORY OF Timon of Athens, THE MAN-HATER.

As it is Acted at the *DUKE'S THEATRE.*

Made into a

PLAY.

By *THO. SHADWELL.*

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LONDON,

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To the Most

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE GEORGE

DUKE of *BUCKINGHAM*, &c.

May it please your Grace,

NOthing could ever contribute more to my having a good opinion of my self, than the being favour'd by your Grace: The thought of which has so exalted me, that I can no longer conceal my Pride from the World; but must publish the Joy I receive in having so Noble a Patron, and one so excelling in Wit and Judgment; Qualities, which even your Enemies could never doubt of, or detract from. And which make all good Men, and Men of Sence admire you, and none but Fools and ill Men fear you for 'em. I am extreamly sensible what Honour it is to me that my Writings are approved by your Grace; who in your

own have ſo clearly ſhown the excellency of Wit and Judgment in your Self, and ſo juſtly the defect of 'em in others, that they at once ſerve for the greateſt example, and the ſharpeſt reproof. And no man who has perfectly underſtood the *Rehearſal*, and ſome other of your Writings, if he has any *Genius* at all, can write ill after it.

I pretend not of an Epiſtle to make a Declamation upon theſe and your other excellent Qualities. For naming the Duke of *Buckingham* is enough: who cannot have greater commendations from me than all who have the Honour to know him already give him. Amongſt which number I think it my greateſt happineſs to be one, and can never be prouder of any thing can arrive to me, than of the honour of having been admitted ſometimes into your Grace's Converſation, the moſt charming in the World. I am now to preſent your Grace with this Hiſtory of *Timon*, which you were pleaſed to tell me you liked, and it is the more worthy of you, ſince it has the inimitable hand of *Shakeſpear* in it, which never made more Maſterly

ſtrokes

ſtrokes than in this. Yet I can truly ſay, I have made it into a Play, Which I humbly lay at your feet, begging the continuance of your Favour, which no man can value more than I ſhall ever do, who am unfeignedly,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant,

THO. SHADWELL.

Pro-

Prologue

TO

TIMON.

SInce the bare gleanings of the Stage are grown
The only Portion for brisk Wits o'th' Town,
We mean ſuch as have no crop of their own;
Methinks you ſhould encourage them that ſow,
Who are to watch and gather what does grow.
Thus a poor Poet muſt maintain a Muſe,
As you do Miſtreſſes for others uſe:
The wittieſt Play can ſerve him but one day,
Though for three Months it finds you what to ſay.
Yet you your Creditors of Wit will fail,
And never pay, but borrow on and rail.
Poor Echo's can repeat Wit, though they've none,
Like Bag-pipes they no Sound have of their own,
Till ſome into their emptineſs be blown.
Yet----
To be thought Wits and Judges they're ſo glad,
And labour for't as if they were Wit-mad.
Some will keep Tables for the Wits o'th' Nation,
And Poets eat them into Reputation.
Some Scriblers will Wit their whole Buſ'neſs make,
For labour'd Dulneſs grievous Pains will take;
And when with many Throes they've travail'd long,
They now and then bring forth a fooliſh Song.
One Fop all modern Poets will condemn,
And by this means a parlous Judge will ſeem,
Wit is a common Idol, and in vain
Fops try a thouſand ways the Name to gain.

Pray

Pray judge the nauſeous Farces of the Age,
And meddle not with Sence upon the Stage;
To you our Poet no one Line ſubmits,
Who ſuch a Coil will keep to be thought Wits:
'Tis you who truly are ſo, he would pleaſe;
But knows it is not to be done with Eaſe.
In the Art of Judging you as wiſe are grown,
As in their Choice ſome Ladies of the Town.
Your neat ſhap't Barbary *Wits you will deſpiſe,*
And none but luſty Sinewy *Writers prize.*
Old Engliſh Shakeſpear-*ſtomachs you have ſtill,*
And judge as our Fore-fathers writ with Skill
You Coin the Wit, the Witlings of the Town
Retailers are, that ſpread it up and down.
Set but your Stamp upon't, though it be Braſs,
With all the Wou'd-be-Wits, 'twill currant paſs.
Try it to day and we are ſure 'twill hit,
All to your Sovereign Empire muſt ſubmit.

Perſons

Perſons Names.

TIMON *of* Athens,		Mr. *Betterton.*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian Capt.*		Mr. *Smith.*
Apemantus, *a Rigid Philoſopher.*		Mr. *Harris.*
Nicias,	*Senators of* Athens.	Mr. *Standford.*
Phæax,		Mr. *Underhill.*
Ælius,		Mr. *Leigh.*
Cleon,		Mr. *Norris.*
Iſander,		Mr. *Percival.*
Iſidore,		Mr. *Gillo.*
Thraſillus,		
Demetrius, Timon's *Steward.*		Mr. *Medburne.*
Diphilus, *Servant to* Timon.		Mr. *Bowman.*
Old Man.		Mr. *Richards.*
Poet.		Mr. *Jevon.*
Painter.		
Jeweller.		
Muſician.		
Merchant.		
Evandra,		Mrs. *Betterton.*
Meliſſa,		Mrs. *Shadwell.*
Chloe,		Mrs. *Gibbs.*
Thais,	*Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.	Mrs. *Seymor.*
Phrinias,		Mrs. *Le-Grand.*
Servants.		
Meſſengers.		
Several Maſqueraders.		
Souldiers.		

Scene *Athens.*

Timon

Timon of Athens,

OR, THE MAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Demetrius.

Dem. HOW ſtrange is it to ſee my Riotous Lord
With careleſs Luxury betray himſelf!
To Feaſt and Revel all his hours away;
Without account how faſt his Treaſure ebbs,
How ſlowly flows, and when I warn'd him of
His following dangers, with his rigorous frowns
He nipt my growing honeſty i'th' Bud,
And kill'd it quite; and well for me he did ſo.
It was a barren Stock would yield no Fruit:
But now like Evil Councellours I comply,
And lull him in his ſoft Lethargick life.
And like ſuch curſed Politicians can
Share in the headlong ruine, and will riſe by't:
What vaſt rewards to nauſeous Flatterers,
To Pimps, and Women, what eſtates he gives!
And ſhall I have no ſhare? Be gon all Honeſty,
Thou fooliſh, ſlender, thredbare, ſtarving thing, be gon!

Enter Poet.

Here's a fellow horſe-leech: How now Poet, how goes the world?

Poet. Why, it wears as it grows: but is Lord *Timon* viſible?

Dem. Hee'll come out ſuddenly, what have you to preſent him?

Poet. A little off-ſpring of my fruitful Muſe: She's in travail daily for his honour.

Dem. For your own profit, you groſs flatterer.
By his damn'd Panegyricks he has written [*Aſide.*
Himſelf

Himſelf up to my Lord's Table,
Which he ſeldom fails: nay, into his Chariot,
Where he in publick does not bluſh to own
The ſordid Scribler.

Poet. The laſt thing I preſented my Noble Lord was Epigram: But this is in Heroick ſtyle.

Dem. What d'ye mean by ſtyle? that of good ſence is all alike; that is to ſay; with apt and eaſie words, not one too little or too much: And this I think good ſtyle.

Poet. O Sir, you are wide o'th' matter! apt and eaſie! Heroicks muſt be lofty and high ſounding;
No eaſie language in Heroick Verſe;
'Tis moſt unfit: for ſhould I name a Lion,
I muſt not in Heroicks call him ſo!

Dem. What then?

Poet. I'de as ſoon call him an Aſs. No this——
The fierce *Numidian* Monarch of the Beaſts.

Dem. That's lofty, is it?

Poet. O yes! but a Lion would ſound ſo baldly, not to be Endur'd, and a Bull too——but
The mighty Warriour of the horned Race:
Ah!——how that ſounds!

Dem. Then I perceive ſound's the great matter in this way.

Poet. Ever while you live.

Dem. How would you ſound a Fox as you call it?

Poet. A Fox is but a ſcurvey Beaſt for Heroick Verſe.

Dem. Hum——is it ſo? how will a Raven do in Heroick?

Poet. Oh very well, Sir.
That black and dreadful fate-denouncing fowl.

Dem. An excellent ſound —— But let me ſee your Piece.

Poet. I'le read it——'Tis a good morrow to the Lord *Timon*.

Dem. Do you make good morrow ſound loftily?

Poet. Oh very loftily!——

The fringed Vallance of your eyes advance,
Shake off your Canopy'd and downie trance:
Phœbus *already quaffs the morning dew,*
Each does his daily leaſe of life renew.

Now you ſhall hear deſcription, 'tis the very life of Poetry.

He darts his beams on the Larks moſſie houſe,
And from his quiet tenement does rouze
The little charming and harmonious Fowl,
Which ſings its lump of body to a Soul:
Swiftly it clambers up in the ſteep air
With warbling throat and makes each note a ſtair.

There's

There's rapture for you! hah!——

Dem. Very fine.

Poet. *This the ſollicitous Lover ſtraight alarms,*
Who too long ſlumber'd in his Cœlia's arms:
And now the ſwelling Spunges of the night
With aking heads ſtagger from their delight:
Slovenly Taylors to their Needles haſt:
Already now the moving ſhops are plac'd
By thoſe who crop the treaſures of the fields
And all thoſe Gems the ripening Summer yields.

Who d'ye think are now? Why——Nothing but Herb women: there are fine lofty expreſſions for Herb-women: ha!——*Already now, &c.*

Dem. But what's all this to my Lord?

Poet. No, that's true, 'tis deſcription though.

Dem. Yes in twenty lines to deſcribe to him that 'tis about the Fourth hour in the morning——I'le in and let him
Know in three words 'tis the ſeventh.

[*Exit* Demetrius,

Enter Muſician.

Poet. Good morning, Sir, whither this way?

Muſ. To preſent his Honour with a piece of Muſick.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. My Lord will ſoon come out.

Poet. He's the very ſpirit of Nobility——
And like the Sun when ever he breaks forth,
His Univerſal bounty falls on all.

Enter Merchant, Jeweller, Painter, *and ſeveral others.*

Jewell. Good morrow, Gentlemen.

Paint. Save you all.

Dem. Now they begin to ſwarm about the houſe!

Poet. What confluence the worthy *Timon* draws?
Magick of bounty——Theſe familiar Spirits
Are conjur'd up by thee.

Merch. 'Tis a ſplendid Jewel.

Jewell. 'Tis of an excellent water.

Poet. What have you there, Sir?

Paint. It is a Picture, Sir, a dumb piece of Poetry: but you preſent a ſpeaking Poem.

Poet. I have a little thing ſlipt idly from me:
The fire within the flint ſhews not it ſelf
Till it be ſtruck; our gentle flame provokes
It ſelf.——

Dem. You write ſo ſcurvily, the Devil's in any man that provokes you, but your ſelf.

Poet. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Paint. So, ſo.
Dem. Now muſt theſe Raſcals be preſented all,
As if they had ſaved his Honour or his Life;
And I muſt have a feeling in the buſineſs.

Enter certain Senators going in to Timon.

Poet. How this Lord is follow'd! [*Enter more who paſs over.*
Paint. See more, well, he's a noble ſpirit!
Jewell. A moſt worthy Lord!
Poet. What a ſloud of Viſitors his bounty draws!
Dem. You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlippery Creatures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, preſent
Their ſervices to Lord *Timon*'s proſp'rous fortune.
He to his good and gracious nature does ſubdue
All ſorts of tempers, from the ſmooth fac'd flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that Philoſophical Churle
Who hates the world, and does almoſt abhor
Himſelf———
Paint. He is a moſt excellent Lord, and makes the fineſt Picture!
Poet The joy of all mankind; deſerves a *Homer* for his Poet.
Jewel. A moſt accompliſht perſon!
Poet. The Glory of the Age!
Paint. Above all parallel!
Dem. And yet theſe Rogues, were this man poor, would fly him,
As I would them, if I were he. [*Soft Muſick.*
Poet. Here's excellent Muſick!
In what delights he melts his hours away!

Enter Timon *and Senators,* Timon *addreſſing himſelf courteouſly to all.*

Tim. My Lord you wrong your ſelf, and bate too much of your
Own merits: 'Tis but a trifle.
Ælius. With more than common thanks I muſt receive it.
Iſidore. Your Lordſhip has the very ſoul of bounty.
Pheax. You load us with too many Obligations.
Tim. I never can oblige my friends too much.
My Lord, I remember you the other day
Commended a Bay Courſer which I rode on.
He's yours, becauſe you lik'd him.
Pheax. I beſeech your Lordſhip pardon me in this.
Tim. My word is paſt: is there ought elſe you like?
I know, my Lord, no man can juſtly praiſe
But what he does affect; and I muſt weigh

My Friends affections with my own:
So kindly I receive your viſits, Lords:
My heart is not enough to give, methinks,
I could deal Kingdoms to my Friends and ne're be weary.
Ælius. We all muſt ſtand amaz'd at your vaſt bounty!
Cleon. The ſpirit of Magnificence reigns in you!
Phæax. Your Bounty's as diffuſive as the Sea.
Tim. My Noble Lords, you do me too much honour.
Iſand. There lives not ſuch a Noble Lord on earth.
Thraſil. None but the Sun and He oblige without
A proſpect of Return.

Enter a Meſſenger and whiſpers Timon.

Tim. Lampridius impriſon'd! ſay you?
Meſſ. Yes, my good Lord, five Talents is his debt:
His Means are ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtrict,
He begs your Letter to thoſe cruel men,
That may preſerve him from his utter ruine.
Tim. I am not of that temper to ſhake off
My Friend when moſt he needs me: I know him,
A Gentleman that well deſerves my help;
Which he ſhall have: I'le pay the debt and free him.
Meſſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him to your ſervice.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his Ranſom,
And when he's free, bid him depend on me:
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after——tell him ſo.
Meſſ. All happineſs to your honour [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Man. My Lord, pray hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good Father.
Old Man. You have a Servant nam'd *Diphilus.*
Tim. I have ſo, that is he.
Old Man. That fellow there by night frequents my houſe,
I am a man that from my firſt have been
Inclin'd to thriſt, and my Eſtate deſerves
A nobler heir than one that holds a trencher.
Tim. Go on.
Old Man. I have an only Daughter: no Kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The Maid is fair, o'th youngeſt for a Bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt.
This man attempts her love; pray, my good Lord
Joyn with me to forbid him; I have often
Told him my mind in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Old Man. His honeſty rewards him in himſelf;
It muſt not bear my Daughter.

Tim.

Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old Man. She is young and apt.
Tim. Do you love her?
Diphil. Yes, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of mine.
Old Man. If to her marriage my conſent be wanting,
I call the Gods to witneſs, I will make
The Beggars of the ſtreet My Heirs e're ſhe
Shall have a drachma.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine has ſerv'd me long;
There is a duty from a Maſter too,
To build his Fortune I will ſtrain a little,
What'ere your Daughters Portion weighs, this
Mans ſhall counterpoiſe.
Old Man. Say you ſo, my Noble Lord! upon your honour
This, and She is his.
Tim. Give me thy hand: my Honour on my promiſe.
Diphil. My Noble Lord, I thank you on my knees:
May I be as miſerable as I ſhall be baſe
When I forget this moſt ſurprizing favour:
No Fortune or Eſtate ſhall e're be mine,
Which I'le not humbly lay before your feet.
Tim. Riſe. I ne're do good with proſpect of return,
That were but merchandizing, a meer trade
Of putting kindneſs out to Uſe.
Poet. Vouchſafe to accept my labours, and long live your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thank you; you ſhall hear from me anon:
What have you there, my friend?
Paint. A piece of Limning for your Lordſhip.
Tim. 'Tis welcome. I like it, and you ſhall find I do.
Jewel. My Lord, here's the Jewel!
Tim. 'Tis Excellent!

Enter Apemantus.

Jewel. Your Lordſhip mends the Jewell by the wearing.
Tim. Well mock't.
Poet. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks what all men think.
Apem. Scum of all flatterers wilt thou ſtill perſiſt
For filthy gain to gild and varniſh o're
This great Man's Vanities!
Tim. Nay, now we muſt be chidden.
Poet. I can bear with your Lordſhip.
Apem. Yes and without him too: vain credulous *Timon*,
If thou believ'ſt this Knave, thou'rt a fool.
Tim. Well, gentle *Apemantus*, good morrow to thee.
Apem. Till I am gentle: ſtay for thy good morrow
Till thou art *Timon*'s dog, and theſe Knaves honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaves?

Apem.

Apem. They're *Athenians*, and I'le not recant;
Th'are all baſe Fawners; what a coile is here
With ſmiling, cringing, jutting out of Bums:
I wonder whether all the legs they make
Are worth the ſummes they coſt you; friendſhip's full
Of dregs, baſe filthy dregs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth for cringes.
Ælius. Do you know us, fellow?
Apem. Did I not call you by your names?
Tim. Thou preacheſt againſt Vice, and thou thy ſelf art proud *Apemantus.*
Apem. Proud! that I am not *Timon.*
Tim. Why ſo?
Apem. To give belief to flattering Knaves and Poets,
And to be ſtill my ſelf my greateſt flatterer:
What ſhould Great Men be proud of ſtead of noiſe
And pomp and ſhow, and holding up their heads,
And cocking up their noſes; pleas'd to ſee
Baſe ſmiling Knaves, and cringing fools bow to 'em?
Did they but ſee their own ridiculous folly,
Their mean and abſurd vanities; they'd hide
Their heads within ſome dark and little corner,
And be afraid that every fool ſhould find 'em.
Tim. Thou haſt too much ſowrneſs in thy blood.
Poet. Hang him,—n'er mind him———
Apem. What is this fooliſh animal man, that we
Should magnifie him ſo? a little warm,
And walking Earth that will be aſhes ſoon;
We come into the world crying and ſqualling,
And ſo much of our time's conſum'd in driv'ling infancy,
In ignorance, ſleep, diſeaſe and trouble, that
The remainder is not worth the being rear'd to.
Pheax. A preaching fool.
Apem. A fool? if thou hadſt half my wit thou'd'ſt find
Thy ſelf an Aſs! Is it not truth I ſpeak?
Are not all the arts and ſubtleties of men,
All their Inventions, all their Sciences,
All their Diverſions, all their Sports, little enough
To paſs away their happieſt hours with,
And make a heavy life be born with patience?
Tim. I with the help of my friends will make mine eaſier
Than what your melancholy frames.
Apem. How little doſt thou look before thee!
Thou, who tak'ſt ſuch great felicity in Fools and Knaves,
And in thy own enjoyments, wilt e're long
Find 'em ſuch thin, ſuch poor and empty ſhadows,

That

That thou wilt wish thou never hadst been born.

Tim. I do not think so.

Phæax. Hang him, send him to the *Areopagus*, and let him Be whipt!

Apem. Thus innocence, truth and merit often suffer,
Whilst injurers, oppressors and desertless fools
Swell in their brief authority, look big
And strut in Furs; 'tis a foul shame,
But 'tis a loathsome Age,——it has been long
Impossthumating with its villanie;
And now the swelling's broken out
In most contagious ulcers; no place free
From the destructive Pestilence of manners.
Out upon't, 'tis time the world should end!

Tim. Do not rail so——'tis to little purpose.

Apem. I fear it is, I have done my morning lecture,
And I'le be gone——

Tim. Whither?

Apem. To knock out an honest *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. Why? that's a deed thou'lt die for., *Apemantus.*

Apem. Yes if doing nothing be death by the Law.

Tim. Will nothing please thee? how dost thou like this Picture?

Apem. Better than the thing 'twas drawn for, 'twill
Neither lie, drink, nor whore,
Flatter a man to his face, and cut his
Throat behind his back;
For since false smiles, and base
Dishonour traffique with man's nature,
He is but mere outside; Pictures are
Even such as they give out: Oh! did you see
The insides of these Fellows minds about you,
You'd loath the base corruptions more than all
The putrid Excrements their bodies hide.

Ælius. Silence the foul mouth'd villain.

Tim. He hurts not us. How lik'st thou this Jewel?

Apem. Not so well as plain dealing, which will not cost a Man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think this Jewel worth?

Apem. What fools esteem it, it is not worth my thinking.
Lo, now the mighty use of thy great Riches!
That must set infinite value on a Bawble!
Will't keep thee warm, or satisfie thy thirst,
Or hunger? No it is comparison
That gives it value; then, thou look'st upon
Thy finger, and art very proud to think
A poor man cannot have it: Childish pleasure!

What

What ſtretcht inventions muſt be found to make
Great wealth of Uſe? Oh! that I were a Lord!
Tim. What would'ſt thou do?
Apem. I would cudgel two men a day for flattering me,
Till I had beaten the whole Senate.
Pheax. Let the Villain be ſoundly puniſh'd for his
Licentious tongue.
Tim. No, the man is honeſt, 'tis his humour: 'Tis odd,
And methinks pleaſant. You muſt dine with me,
Apemantus.
Apem. I devour no Lords.
Tim. No, if you did, the Ladies wou'd be angry.
Apem. Yet they with all their modeſt ſimperings,
And varniſh'd looks, can ſwallow Lords, and get
Great Bellies by't, yet keep their virtuous
Vizors on, till a poor little Baſtard ſteals into
The World, and tells a tale.

Enter Nicius.

Tim. My Noble Lord, welcome! moſt welcom to my arms!
You are the Fountain from which all my happineſs
Did ſpring! your matchleſs Daughter, fair *Melliſſa.*
Nic. You honour us too much, my Lord.
Tim. I cannot, ſhe is the joy of *Athens!* the chief delight
Of Nature, the only life I live by: Oh, that her vows
Were once expir'd; it is, methinks, an Age till that bleſt day
When we ſhall joyn our hands and hearts together.
Nic. 'Tis but a Week, my Lord.
Tim. 'Tis a thouſand years.
Apem. Thou miſerable Lord, haſt thou to compleat
All thy calamities, that plague of Love,
That moſt unmanly madneſs of the mind,
That ſpecious cheat, as falſe as friendſhip is?
Did'ſt thou but ſee how like a ſniveling thing
Thou look'ſt and talk'ſt, thou would'ſt abhor or laugh at
Thy own admir'd Image.
Tim. Peace: I will hear no railing on this ſubject.
Apem. *Oh vile corrupted time, that men ſhould be*
Deaf to good Counſel, not to Flatterie.
Tim. Come, my dear Friends, let us now viſit our Gardens,
And refreſh our ſelves with ſome cool Wines and Fruit:
I am tranſported with your Viſits!
There is not now a Prince whom I can envy,
Unleſs it be in that he can more beſtow
Upon the men he loves.

Ælius. My Noble Lord, who would not wed your Friendſhip,
Though without a Dowrie?

Iſidor. Moſt worthy *Timon!* who has a life you may not
Call your own?

Phæax. We are all your ſlaves.

Poet. The joy of all Mankind.

Jewel. Great ſpirit of Nobleneſs.

Tim. We muſt not part this day, my Friends.

Apem. So, ſo, crouching ſlaves aches contract and make your ſupple
Joynts to wither; that there ſhould be ſo little
Love among theſe Knaves, yet all this courteſie!
They hate and ſcorn each other, yet they kiſs
As if they were of different Sexes: Villains, Villains.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Evandra. *Re-enter* Timon.

Tim. Hail to the fair *Evandra!* methinks your looks are chang'd,
And clouded with ſome grief that misbecomes 'em.

Evan. My Lord, my ears this morning were ſaluted with
The moſt unhappy news, the diſmal'ſt ſtory,
The only one cou'd have afflicted me;
My dream foretold it, and I wak'd affrighted
With a cold ſweat o're all my limbs.

Tim. What was it, Madam?

Evand. You ſpeak not with the kindneſs you were wont,
I have been us'd to tenderer words than theſe:
It is too true, and I am miſerable!

Tim. What is't diſturbs you ſo? too well I gueſs. [*Aſide.*

Evan I hear I am to loſe your Love, which was
The only earthly bleſſing I enjoy'd,
And that on which my life depended.

Tim. No, I muſt ever love my Excellent *Evandra!*

Evan. *Meliſſa* will not ſuffer it: Oh cruel *Timon*,
Thou well may'ſt bluſh at thy ingratitude!
Had I ſo much towards thee, I ne're ſhou'd ſhow
My face without confuſion: Such a guilt,
As if I had deſtroy'd thy Race, and ruin'd
All thy Eſtate, and made thee infamous!
Thy Love to me I cou'd prefer before
All cold reſpects of Kindred, Wealth and Fame.

Tim. You have been kind ſo far above return,
That 'tis beyond expreſſion.

Evan. Call to mind
Whoſe Race I ſprung from, that of great *Alcides*,
Though not my Fortune, my Beauty and my Youth
And my unſpotted Fame yielded to none.
You on your knees a thouſand times have ſworn,

That

Memnon, and indeed all that ſee your Ladyſhip.

Mel. I'le ſwear? how is my complexion to day? ha *Chloe?*

Chlo. O moſt fragrant! 'tis a rare white waſh this!

Mel. I think it is the beſt I ever bought; had I not beſt Lay on ſome more red, *Chloe?*

Chlo. A little more would do well; it makes you look So pretty, and ſo plump, Madam.

Mel. I have been too long this morning in dreſſing.

Chlo. Oh no, I vow you have been but bare three hours.

Mel. No more! well, if I were ſure to be thus pretty but ſeven Years, I'de be content to die then on that condition.

Chlo. The gods forbid.

Mel. I'le ſwear I would; but doſt thou think, *Timon* will Like me in this dreſs?

Chlo. Oh he dies for you in any dreſs, Madam!

Mel. Oh this vile Taylor that brought me not home my new Habit to day; he deſerves the Oſtraciſme! a Villain, To diſorder me ſo; I am afraid it has done harm To my complexion: I have dreamt of it theſe two nights, And ſhall not recover it this Week ——

Chlo. Indeed, Madam, he deſerves death from your eyes.

Mel. I think I look pretty well? will not *Timon* Perceive my diſorder? — hah ——

Chlo. Oh no, but you ſpeak as if you made this killing Preparation for none but *Timon*.

Mel. O yes, *Chloe*, for every one, I love to have all the Young Blades follow, kiſs my hand, admire, adore me, And die for me: but I muſt have but one favour'd Servant; it is the game and not the quarry, I Muſt look after it in the reſt.

Chlo. Oh Lord, I would have as many admirers as I could.

Mel. Ay ſo would I —— but favour one alone. No, I am reſolv'd nothing ſhall corrupt my honeſty; Thoſe admirers would make one a Whore, *Chloe*, And that undoes us, 'tis our intereſt to be honeſt.

Chlo. Would they? No I warrant you, I'de fain ſee Any of thoſe admirers make me a Whore.

Mel. *Timon* loves me honeſtly and is rich ——

Chlo. You have forgot your *Alcibiades:* He is the rareſt perſon! (man,

Mel. No, no, I could love him dearly: oh he was the beautiful'ſt The fineſt wit in *Athens*, the beſt companion, fulleſt of mirth And pleaſure, and the prettieſt ways he had to pleaſe Ladies, He would make his enemies rejoyce to ſee him.

Chlo. Why? he is all this, and can do all this ſtill.

Mel. Ay, but he has been long baniſh'd for breaking *Mercury*'s Images,

Images, and profaning the myſteries of *Proſerpine*;
Beſides, the people took his Eſtate from him,
And I hate a poor Fellow, from my heart, I ſwear:
I vow methinks I look ſo pretty to day, I could
Kiſs my ſelf, *Chloe*.

Chlo. Oh dear Madam—— I could look on you for ever: oh
What a World of Murder you'l commit to day!

Mel. Doſt thou think ſo? ha! ha! no, no ——

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The Lord *Timon*'s come to wait on you, and begs
Admittance.

Enter Timon.

Mel. Deſire his preſence.

Tim. There is enchantment in her looks,
Afreſh I am wounded every time I ſee her:
All happineſs to beautiful *Meliſſa*.

Mel. I ſhall want none in you, my deareſt Lord.

Tim. Sweeteſt of Creatures, in whom all th' excellence
Of heav'nly Woman-kind is ſeen unmixt;
Nature has wrought thy mettle up without allay.

Mel. I have no value, but my love of you,
And that I am ſure has no allay, 'tis of
So ſtrong a temper, neither time nor death,
Nor any change can break it——

Tim. Dear charming ſweet, thy value is ſo great,
No Kingdom upon Earth ſhould buy thee from me:
But I have ſtill an enemy with you,
That guards me from my happineſs; a Vow
Againſt the Law of Nature, againſt Love,
The beſt of Nature, and the higheſt Law.

Mel. It will be but a week in force.

Tim. 'Tis a whole age: in all approaching joys,
The nearer they come to us, ſtill the time
Seems longer to us: But, my dear *Meliſſa*,
Why ſhould we bind our ſelves with vows and oaths?
Alas, by Nature we are too much confin'd,
Our Liberty's ſo narrow, that we need not
Find Fetters for our ſelves: No, we ſhould ſeize
On pleaſure whereſoever we can find it,
Leſt at another time we miſs it there.

Chlo. Madam, break your Vow, it was a raſh one.

Mel. Thou fooliſh Wench, I cannot get my things
In order till that time; doſt think I will
Be marri'd like ſome vulgar Creature, which
Snatches at the firſt offer, as if ſhe
Were deſperate of having any other?

Tim.

Tim. Is there no hope that you will break your vow?
Mel. If any thing, one word of yours wou'd do't:
But how can you be once ſecure, I'le keep
A vow to you, that would not to my ſelf?
Tim. Some dreadful accident may come, *Meliſſa*,
To interrupt our joyes; let us make ſure
O' th' preſent minute, for the reſt, perhaps,
May not be ours.
Mel. It is not fit it ſhou'd, if I ſhou'd break a vow;
No, you ſhall never find a change in me,
All the fixt ſtars ſhall ſooner ſtray
With an irregular motion, than I change:
This may aſſure you of my love; if not,
Upon my knees I ſwear ——
Were I the Queen of all the Univerſe,
And *Timon* were reduc'd to rags and miſery,
I would not change my love to him.
Tim. And here I vow,
Should all the frame of Nature be diſſolv'd,
Should the firm Centre ſhake, ſhould Earthquakes rage
With ſuch a fury to diſorder all
The peaceful and agreeing Elements,
Till they were hudled into their firſt Chaos,
As long as I could be, I'de be the ſame,
The ſame adorer of *Meliſſa!*
Mel. This is ſo great a bleſſing, Heav'n cann't add to it.
Tim. Thou art my Heav'n, *Meliſſa*, the laſt mark
Of all my hopes and wiſhes, ſo I prize thee,
That I could die for thee.

Enter a Servant *of* Timon's.

Serv. My Lord, your Dinner's ready, and your Lordſhip's
Gueſts wait your wiſht preſence: the Lord
Nicias is already there.
Tim. Let's haſt to wait on him, *Meliſſa*.
Mel. It is my duty to my Father. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Apemantus, Servants *ſetting things in order for the Feaſt*

Poet. His honour will ſoon be here, I have prepar'd the Maskers;
They are all ready.
Apem. How now, *Poet?* what piece of foppery
Haſt thou to preſent to *Timon?*
Poet. Thou art a ſenceleſs ſnarling Stoick,
And haſt no taſte of Poetry.
Apem. Thy Poetry's inſipid, none can taſte it:
Thou art a wordy fooliſh Scribler, who

Writ'ſt nothing but high-ſounding frothy ſtuff;
Thou ſpread'ſt, and beat'ſt out thy poor little ſence,
'Tis all leaf-gold, it has no weight in it.
Thou lov'ſt impertinent deſcription,
And when thou haſt a rapture, it is not
The ſacred rapture of a Poet, but
Incoherent, extravagant, and unnatural,
Like madmens thoughts, and this thou call'ſt Poetical.

Poet. You are judge! ſhall dull Philoſophers judge
Of us the nimble fancies, and quick ſpirits
Of the Age?

Apem. The Cox-combs of the Age:
Are there ſuch eminent ſopperies as in the
Poets of this time? their moſt unreaſonable heads
Are whimſical, and fantaſtick as Fidlers,
They are the ſcorn and laughter of all witty men,
The folly of you makes the Art contemptible,
None of you have the judgment of a Gander.

Enter Ælius, Nicias, Phæax, *and the other Senators.*

Poet. You are a baſe ſnarling Gritick; write your
Self, do and you dare.

Apem. I confeſs 'tis a daring piece of valour, for a man
Of ſence to write to an Age that likes your ſpurious ſtuff.

Nici. What time of the day is't, *Apemantus*?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Ælius. That time ſerves always.

Apem. Then what excuſe haſt thou,
That would'ſt thus long omit it?

Iſid. You ſtay to be at the Lord *Timon*'s Feaſt.

Apem. Yes, to ſee Meat fill Knaves, and Wine heat Fools.

Cleon. Well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art an Aſs to bid me farewel.

Cleon. Why ſo?

Apem. Becauſe I have not ſo little reaſon or honeſty to
Return thee one good wiſh for it.

Phæax. Go hang thy ſelf.

Apem. I'le do nothing at thy bidding, make thy requeſts to
Thy friend, if there be ſuch a wretch on earth.

Phæax. Be gon, unpeaceable dog, or I will ſpurn thee from me.

Apem. Though I am none, I'le fly like a dog
The heels of the Aſs.

Nici. He's oppoſite to all humanity ——

Ælius. Now we ſhall taſte of *Timon*'s bounty.

Phæax. He hath a heart brimful of kindneſs and good will ——

Iſid. And pours it down on all his friends, as if *Plutus*

The

The god of Wealth were but his Steward.

Phæax. No Meed but he repays ſev'n-fold above
It ſelf, no gift but breeds the giver ſuch
Return as does exceed his wiſhes.

Thraſil. He bears the nobleſt mind that ever govern'd man.

Phæax. Long may he live with proſperous fortunes.
But I fear it——

Ælius. I hear a whiſper, as though he fails his Creditors,
Even of their Intereſt.

Phæax. I fear it is too true ——
Well, 'tis pity: but he's a good Lord!

Enter Timon *with* Meliſſa, Chloe, Nicias, *and a great Train with him.*

Here he comes my Noble Lord.

Nici. Moſt worthy *Timon!*

Ælius. My moſt honour'd Lord.

Tim. You over-joy me with your preſence! is there
On Earth a ſight ſo ſplendid, as Tables well
Fill'd with good and faithful friends, like you?
Dear *Meliſſa!* be pleas'd to know my friends:
Oh *Apemantus!* thou'rt welcome.

Apem. No, thou ſhalt not make me welcome;
I come to tell thee truth, and if thou hear'ſt me not,
I'le lock thy Heav'n from thee hereafter: think
On the ebb of your Eſtate, and flow of Debts;
How many prodigal bits do ſlaves and flatterers gorge?
And now 'tis noble *Timon*, worthy *Timon*, royal *Timon*,
And when the Means is gone that buyes this praiſe,
The breath is gone, whereof the praiſe is made.

Tim. It is not ſo with my Eſtate.

Apem. None are ſo honeſt to tell thee of thy vanities,
So the gods bleſs me.
When all your Offices have been oppreſt
With riotous feeders, when every Vault has wept
With drunken ſpilth of wine, when every room
Has blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with Minſtrels,
Or roaring ſinging drunkards; I have retir'd
To my poor homely Cell, and ſet my eyes
At flow for thee, becauſe I find ſomething in
Thee that might be worthy —— but as thou art I
Hate and ſcorn thee.

Tim. Come, preach no more, had I no Eſtate, I
Am rich in Friends, my Noble Friends here,
The deareſt loving Friends that ever man
Was bleſt with.

Nic. Oh might we have an happy opportunity to ſhow how

We love and honour you!

Ælius. That you wou'd once but uſe our hearts.

Iſand. We'd lay 'em out all in your ſervice.

Phæax. Yes, all our ſelves, if you wou'd put us to a Tryal, then we were perfect.

Tim. I doubt it not, I know you'd ſerve me all;
Shall I diſtruſt my Friends? I have often wiſht
My ſelf poorer that I might uſe you —— We are
Born to do good one to another: Friends,
Unleſs we uſe 'em, are like ſweet Inſtruments hung
Up in caſes: But oh, what a precious comfort
'Tis to have ſo many like Brothers, commanding
One anothers fortunes! Truſt me, my joy brings water
To my eyes.

Phæax. Joy had the like conception in my eyes.

Apem. Ho, ho, ho —— I laugh to think
That it conceiv'd a Baſtard.

Tim. VVhat doſt thou laugh for?

Apem. To hear theſe ſmell-feaſts lye and fawn ſo,
Not only flattering thee, but thy Mutton and thy Partridge.
Theſe Flies, who at one cloud of winter-ſhowers
VVould drop from off you.

Cleon. Silence the Dog.

Phæax. Let the ſnarling Cur be kickt out.

Apem. Of what vile earth, of what mean dirt
A Lord is kneaded!

Tim. The man I think is honeſt, and his humour hurts us not.

Apem. I would my reaſon wou'd do thee good, *Timon.*

Mel. This is an odd ſnarling fellow; I like him.

Apem. If I could without lying, I'de ſay the ſame of thee.

Mel. Why? prethee what doſt thou think of me?

Tim. He'll ſnarl at thee.

Mel. No matter.

Apem. I think thou art a piece of white and red Earth,
The Picture of Vanity drawn to th' life;
I am thinking how handſome that Skull will
Be when all the Fleſh is off; that face thou art
So proud of, is a poor, vain, tranſitory thing,
And ſhortly will be good for nothing.

Mel. Out on him, ſcurvy poor Fellow

Tim. No more of this, be not ſo ſullen; I'l be kind
To thee and better thy Condition.

Apem. No, I'll have nothing; ſhould I be brib'd too,
There would be none left to rail at thee, and then
Thou'dſt ſin the faſter: *Timon*, thou giveſt ſo long,
Thou'lt ſhortly give thy ſelf away.

Tim.

Tim. I'll hear no more:
Let him have a Table by himſelf.
Apem. Let me have ſome Roots and Water,
Such as Nature intended for our Meat and Drink
Before Eating and Drinking grew an Art.
[*The Meat is ſerv'd up with Kettle-Drums, and Trumpets.*
Tim. Sit, Dear *Meliſſa*, this is your Feaſt:
And all you ſee is yours:
And all that you can wiſh for ſhall be ſo.
Come, ſit Lords, no Ceremony,
That was devis'd at firſt to ſet a gloſs
On feigned deeds, and hollow-hearted welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
True friendſhip needs 'em not: you're more welcome
To my Fortunes, than my Fortunes are to me. [*They ſit.*
Will you not have ſome Meat, *Apemantus?*
Apem. I ſcorn thy Meat, 'twould choak me; for I ſhould
Ne'r flatter ye; Ye Gods, what a number of men
Eat *Timon!* and yet he ſees 'em not.
It grieves me to ſee ſo many dip their meat
In one man's Bloud, and all the madneſs is
He cheers 'em to't, and loves 'em for't:
I wonder men dare truſt themſelves with men;
Methinks they ſhould invite them without knives,
'Twere ſafer far. That fellow that ſits next him,
Now parts bread with him, pledges his breath
In a divided Draught, may next day kill him;
Such things have been. If I were a Huge Man
I ſhou'd be afraid to drink at meals,
Leſt they ſhou'd ſpy my Wind-Pipes dang'rous places.
Great Men ſhould drink with Harneſs on their Throats.
Tim. Now my Lords, let *Meliſſa*'s health go round.
Ælius. Let it flow this way — [*Kettle-Drums and Trumpets ſound.*
Apem. How this pomp ſhows to a little Oyl and Roots?
Theſe healths will make thee and thy State look ill.
Phæax. Peace, Villain.
Apem. Here's that which is too weak to be a Sinner;
Here's honeſt Water ne'r left man i' th' mire,
This and my Root will ſtill keep down
My ſawcy and preſumptuous Fleſh,
That it ſhall never get the better of me —

Apemantus's *Grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no Pelf,
I pray for no man but my ſelf,
Grant I may never be ſo fond
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond;

Or

Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dog that ſeems a ſleeping,
Or a Gaoler with my freedom,
Or my Friends if I ſhou'd need 'em.
Amen, Amen, and ſo fall to't,
Great Men ſin, and I eat Root.

Much good may't do thee, good *Apemantus.*
Nici. Our noble Lord *Timon*'s health, let it go round,
And Drums, and Trumpets ſound. [*Kettle Drums*, &c.
Apem. What madneſs is the pomp, the noiſe, the ſplendor,
The frantick Glory of this fooliſh life!
We make our ſelves fools to diſport our ſelves,
And vary a thouſand antick ugly ſhapes
Of Folly and of Madneſs, theſe fill up
The ſcenes and empty ſpaces of our lives.
Life's nothing but a dull repetition,
A vain fantaſtick dream, and there's an end on't.
Tim. Now my good Lords and Friends, I ſpeak to you,
You that are of the Council of four hundred,
In the behalf of a dear Friend of mine.
Nici. One word of yours muſt govern all the Council,
And any thing in *Athens.*
Tim. I ſpeak chiefly
To you my Lord and Father; and to *Pheax.*
Pheax. My good Lord command me to my death and I'll obey.
Tim. I have receiv'd notice from *Alcibiades,*
(Whoſe Enemies you have been, and whoſe Friends
I beg you will be now) that he in private
Will venture into *Athens*;
Not openly becauſe he will not truſt
The Inſolence of the tumultuous Rabble;
If he ſollicites his recallment with you,
There lives not on this earth a man that has
Deſerv'd ſo well from the Nobility;
He has preſerv'd ev'ry *Atheus* in his Exile,
By *Tiſſaphernes* power he has kept us from
The *Lacedemonian* Rage, and other Foes
That might have laid this City low in aſhes.
How many famous Battels has he won?
But which is more, by his advice and power,
Even in his abſence he has wreſted
The Government from the inſulting Vulgar;
Whoſe Wiſedom's Blindneſs, and whoſe Power is Madneſs:
And plac'd it in your noble Hands; methinks
You in return ſhould take off his hard ſentence

Of Baniſhment, and render back all his Eſtate.
Phæax. Is there a thing on Earth you would command us
That we would diſobey?
Nici. I am abſolutely yours in all Commands.
Ælius. How proud am I that I can ſerve Lord *Timon!*
Apem. Thinkſt thou thy ſelf thy Countries friend now, *Timon?*
His foul Riot and his inordinate Luſt,
His wavering Paſſions, and his headlong Will,
His ſelfiſh Principles, his contempt of others,
His Mockery, his various Sports, his Wantonneſs,
The Rage and Madneſs of his Luxury
Will make the *Athenians* hearts ake, as thy own
Will ſoon make thine.
Iſid. Hang him, we never mind him.
Iſand. When will he ſpeak well of any man?
Apem. When I can find a man that's better than
A beaſt, I will fall down and worſhip him.
Tim. Thou art an *Athenian*, and I bear with thee.
Is the Maſque ready?
Poet. 'Tis, my noble Lord.
Apem. What odd and childiſh folly Slaves find out
To pleaſe and court all thy diſtemper'd Appetites!
They ſpend their flatteries to devour thoſe men
Upon whoſe Age they'l void it up agen
With poyſonous ſpite and envy.
Who lives that's not deprav'd, or elſe depraves?
Who die that bear not ſome ſpurns to their Graves
Of their friends giving? I ſhould fear that thoſe
Who now are going to dance before me,
Should one day ſtamp on me: it has been done.
Tim. Nay, if you rail at all Society,
I'll hear no more —— be gone.
Apem. Thou may'ſt be ſure I will not ſtay to ſee
Thy folly any longer, fare thee well; remember
Thou would'ſt not hear me, thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for't.
Tim. I do not think ſo — fare thee well. [*Exit* Apemantus.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, there are ſome Ladies maſqu'd deſire admittance.
Tim. Have not my doors been always open to
Ev'ry *Athenian?* They do me honour,
Wait on 'em in, were I not bound to do
My duty here, I would.
Chloe. I have not had the opportunity
To deliver this till now, it is a Letter
From *Alcibiades.*
Mel. Dear *Alcibiades*, Oh how ſhall I love him,

When

When he's reſtor'd to his Eſtate and Country!
He will be richer far than *Timon* is,
And I ſhall chuſe him firſt of any man;
How lucky 'tis I ſhould put off my Wedding.

Enter Evandra *with Ladies maſqu'd.*

Tim. Ladies, you do my houſe and me great honour;
I ſhould be glad you would unmask, that I
Might ſee to whom I owe the Obligation.

1. *Lad.* We ask your pardon, we are ſtoln out upon
Curioſity, and dare not own it

Tim. Your pleaſure, Ladies, ſhall be mine.

Evan. This is the fine gay thing ſo much admir'd,
That's born to rob me of my happineſs,
And of my life; her face is not her own,
Nor is her love, nor ſpeech, nor motion ſo:
Her ſmiles, her amorous looks, ſhe puts on all,
There's nothing natural: She always acts
And never ſhews her ſelf; How blind is Love
That cannot ſee this Vanity! [*Maſque begins.*

Enter Shepherds *and* Nymphs.

A Symphony of Pipes imitating the chirping of Birds.

Nymph. *Hark how the Songſters of the Grove*
Sing Anthems to the God of Love.
Hark how each am'rous winged pair,
With Loves great praiſes fill the Air.
Chorus. *On ev'ry ſide the charming ſound*
Does from the hollow Woods rebound.

Retornella.

Nymph. *Love in their little veins inſpires*
Their cheerful Notes, their ſoft Deſires:
While Heat makes Buds or Bloſſoms ſpring,
Theſe pretty couples love and ſing.
Chorus with Flutes. *But Winter puts out their deſire,*
And half the year they want Loves fire.

Retornella.

Full Chorus. *But ah how much are our delights more dear,*
For only Humane Kind love all the year.

Enter the *Menades* and *Ægipanes.*

1 Bach. *Hence with your trifling Deitie*
A greater we adore,
Bacchus, *who always keeps us free*
From that blind childiſh power.

2 Bach.

2 Bach. *Love makes you languish and look pale,*
And ſneak, and ſigh, and whine;
But over us no griefs prevail,
While we have luſty Wine.

Chorus with Hout-boys. *Then hang the dull Wretch who has care in his ſoul,*
Whom Love, or whom Tyrants, or Laws can controul,
If within his right hand he can have a full Bowl.

Nymph. *Go drivel and ſnore with your fat God of Wine,*
Your ſwell'd faces with Pimples adorning,
Soak your Brains over night and your ſenſes reſign,
And forget all you did the next Morning.
Nymph. *With dull aking Noddles live on in a miſt,*
And never diſcover true Joy:
Would Love tempt with Beauty, you could not reſiſt,
The Empire he ſlights, he'd deſtroy.

1 Bach. *Better our heads, than hearts ſhould ake,*
His childiſh Empire we deſpiſe;
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be wiſe.
Better, &c.
2 Bach. *Wine ſweetens all the cares of Peace,*
And takes the Terrour off from War.
To Loves affliction it gives eaſe,
And to its Joy does beſt prepare.
It ſweetens, &c.
Nymph. *'Tis Love that makes great Monarchs fight,*
The end of Wealth and Power is Love;
It makes the youthful Poets write,
And does the Old to Youth improve.

Retornella of Hout-boys.

Bach. *'Tis Wine that revels in their Veins,*
Makes Cowards valiant, Fools grow wiſe,
Provokes low Pens to lofty ſtrains,
And makes the young Loves Chains deſpiſe.

Retornella.

Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *Love rules the World.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*
Nymphs *and* Shepherds. *'Tis Love, 'tis Love.*
Mænades *and* Ægipanes. *'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine.*

Enter Bacchus *and* Cupid.

Bacchus. *Hold, Hold, our Forces are combin'd,*
And we together rule Mankind.

General. *Then we with our Pipes, and our Voices will join*
Chorus. *To ſound the loud praiſes of Love and good Wine.*
Wine gives the vigour to Love, Love makes Wine go down.
And by Love and good Drinking, all the World is our own.

Tim. 'Tis well deſign'd, and well perform'd, and I'll
Reward you well: let us retire into my next
Apartment, where I've deviſ'd new pleaſures for you,
And where I will diſtribute ſome ſmall Preſents,
To teſtifie my Love and Gratitude.
Phœax. A noble Lord!
Ælius. Bounty it ſelf.
Tim. Thus, my *Meliſſa*, will we always ſpend
Our time in Pleaſures; but who e're enjoys
Thee, has all this life affords ſum'd up in that.
Evan. Theſe words did once belong to me, but Oh!
My ſtubborn heart, wilt thou not break at this?
Tim. Ladies I hope you'l honour me with your preſence,
And accept of a Collation.
1 *Lady.* We ask your pardon, and muſt leave you.
Tim. Demetrius, wait on them.
Evan. My Lord, I'd ſpeak with you alone.
Tim. Be pleaſed, Madam, to retire with your father,
I'l wait on you inſtantly. [to *Meliſſa.*
[*Exeunt all but* Timon *and* Evandra.
Who are you, Madam?
Evan. One who is come to take her laſt leave of you.
Tim. Evandra! What confuſion am I in!
Evan. I am ſorry in the midſt of all your joys
I ſhould diſturb you thus: I had a mind
To ſee you once before I dy'd; I ne'r
Shall trouble you again.
Tim. Let me not hear theſe killing words.
Evan. They'l be my laſt, and therefore give 'em room:
I am haſtning to my death, then you'l be happy,
I ne'r ſhall interrupt your joys again,
Unleſs the Memory of me ſhould make
You drop ſome tears upon my duſt; I know
Your noble Nature will remember that
Evandra was, and once was dear to you,
And lov'd you ſo, that ſhe cou'd dye to make
You happy.
Tim. Ah dear *Evandra!* that would make
Me wretched far below all miſery;
I'd rather kill my ſelf than hear that news:
I call the gods to witneſs, there's not one

On

On Earth I more eſteem.
Evan. Eſteem! alas!
It is too weak a Cordial to preſerve
My fading Life, I ſee your paſſion's grown
Too headſtrong for you. Oh, my deareſt *Timon!*
I, while I have any breath, muſt call you ſo;
Had you once ſtrugled for my ſake,
And ſtriven to oppoſe the raging fury of
Your fatal Love, I ſhould have dy'd contented.
But Oh! falſe to your ſelf, to all my hopes,
And me; you ſuckt the ſubtile poyſon in
So greedily, you would not ſtay to taſte it.
Tim. She moves me ſtrongly; I have found from her
The trueſt and the tendereſt Love that e'r
Woman yet bore to Man.
Evan. I find you're gone too far in the diſeaſe
T' admit a Cure: I will perſwade no longer;
Death is my remedy, and I'll embrace it.
Tim. Oh talk not of Death: I'll love you ſtill:
I can love two at once, truſt me I can.
Evan. No, *Timon*, I will have you whole, or nothing:
I love you ſo, I cannot live to ſee
That dear, that moſt ador'd perſon in anothers arms:
My Love's too nice, 'twill not be fed with crumbs,
And broken meat, that falls from your *Meliſſa*.
No, dear falſe Man, you ſoon ſhall be at reſt,
I came but to receive a parting Kiſs:
You'l not deny me that?
Tim. I will not part with you; we'l be friends for ever.
Evan. No, no, it cannot be, forgive this trouble,
Since 'tis the laſt, I'll never ſee you more;
And may *Meliſſa* ever love you as
The Excellence of your form deſerves; and may
She pleaſe you longer than th' unfortunate
Evandra could.
Tim. Gods! Why ſhould I not love this Woman beſt?
She has deſerv'd beyond all meaſure from me;
She's beautiful, and good as Angels are; } *Aſide.*
But I have had her Love already.
Oh moſt accurſed Charm, that thus perverts me!
To Her. Y' have made a Woman of me.
Evan. I'll have but one laſt look of that
Bewitching Face that ruin'd me.
Oh, I could devour it with my eyes: but I'll
Remove it from thee. I ne're
Shall die contented while I look on thee.

Tim. Be patient till I give thee ſatisfaction.
Evand. No, deareſt Enemy, I'll remove the guilt
From thee, and thus I'll place it on my ſelf. [*Offers to ſtab her ſelf.*
Tim. Hold, dear *Evandra*, if thou lov'ſt my life,
Preſerve thy own; for here I ſwear, that minute
When thou attemptſt thy life, I will loſe mine.
Where's *Diphilus?*

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Here my Lord.
Tim. Wait on *Evandra* home, and take a care
Sh' attempts not any miſchief on her ſelf:
Sh' is agitated by a dang'rous paſſion.
My dear! let *Diphilus* wait on thee home;
As ſoon as ever my Company is gone,
I'll ſee thee, and convince thee that I love thee.
Evand. No, no: I cannot hope ——— farewel for ever.
[*Ex.* Diph. *and* Evand.
Tim. I muſt reſolve on ſomething for her comfort;
For the Empire of the Earth I wou'd not loſe her;
There is not one of all her Sex exceeds her
In Love, or Beauty ———
O miſerable ſtate of humane life!
We ſlight all the injoyments which we have;
And thoſe things only value which we have not:
Where is *Demetrius?*
Dem. My Lord!
Tim. Where is the Casket which I ſpoke for?
Dem. It is here, my Lord: I beg your Lordſhip hear me ſpeak.
I have buſineſs that concerns you nearly ——
Tim. Some other time; of late thou doſt perplex me
Each moment with the hateful name of buſineſs,
That mortal Foe to pleaſure, I'll not hear it. [*Ex.* Timon.
Dem. So! all now is at an end!
He does command us to provide great gifts,
And all out of an empty Coffer.
His promiſes fly ſo beyond his 'ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in Debt; He owes
For every word; His Land is all engag'd,
His money gone; would I were gently turn'd
Out of my Office; leſt he ſhou'd borrow all
I have gotten in his ſervice. Well!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch who do ev'n Enemies exceed.
[*Ex.* Demet.

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Timon *and* Demetrius.

Tim. *Demetrius!* How comes it
That I have been thus incounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken Bonds,
And the unjuſt detention of money long ſince due?
I knew I was in debt, but did not think
I had gone ſo far; wherefore before this time
Did you not lay my ſtate fully before me?
Dem. You would not hear me.
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid 'em before you —— you would throw 'em off,
And ſay, you found 'em in my Honeſty.
I have beyond good manners, pray'd you often
To hold your hand more cloſe, and was rebuk't for't.
Tim. You ſhould have preſt it further.
Dem. What e're I durſt I did, it was my intereſt,
For if my Lord be poor, what then muſt I be?
Call me before the exacteſt Auditors,
And let my life lie on the proof:
O my good Lord, the world is but a world,
If it were yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?
Tim. Have you no money in the Treaſury?
Dem. Not enough to ſupply the riot of two meals.
Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.
Dem. 'Tis all engag'd;
And ſome already's forfeited and gone,
That which remains will ſcarce pay preſent dues;
The future comes apace.
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my Land extend.
Dem. How many times have I retir'd and wept,
To think what it would come to.
Tim. Prithee! no more, I know thou'rt honeſt.
Dem. It grieves me to conſider 'mongſt what Paraſites
And trencher Friends your wealth has been divided.
I cannot but weep at the ſad reflection,
When every word of theirs was greedily
Attended to, as if they'd been pronounc'd
From Oracles. I never could be heard.
Tim. Come; preach no more, thou ſoon ſhalt find that I
Have not miſplac'd my Bounty, why doſt weep?

I am

I am rich in Friends and can uſe all their wealth
Freely as I can bid thee ſpeak.

Dem. I doubt it.

Tim. You ſoon ſhall ſee how you miſtake my Fortune.
Now I ſhall try my Friends. VVho waits there?

Enter three Servants.

1 *Ser.* My Lord!

Tim. Go you to *Phœax* and to *Cleon*, you to *Iſander*
And *Ælius*, you to *Iſidore* and *Thraſillus*.
Commend me to their loves, and let them know,
I'm proud that my occaſions make me uſe 'em
For a ſupply of money. Let the requeſt
Be fifty Talents from each Man.

1 *Serv.* We will, my Lord.

Tim. Thou, *Demetrius*, ſhalt go to the Senate, from whom
Even to the States beſt health I have deſerv'd
This hearing. Petition them to ſend me 500 Talents.

Dem. I muſt obey. The next room's full of
Importunate ſlaves and hungry Creditors, go not to 'em. [*Ex.* Dem.

Tim. What! muſt my doors b' oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and thoſe been open
For all *Athenians* to go in and out
At their own pleaſure? My Porter at my Gate
Ne're kept man out, but ſmil'd and did invite
All that paſt by it, in, and muſt he be
My Gaoler, and my Houſe my Priſon! no,
I'll not deſpair: my Friends will never fail me. [*Exit.*

Scene is the Porch or Cloiſter of the Stoicks.

Apemantus *ſpeaking to the people and ſeveral Senators.*

Apem. 'Mongſt all the loathſome and baſe diſeaſes of
Corrupted Nature, Pride is moſt contagious.
Behold the pooreſt miſerable wretch
Which the Sun ſhines on; in the midſt of all
Diſeaſes, rags, want, infamy and ſlavery,
The Fool will find out ſomething to be proud of.

Ælius. This is all railing.

Apem. When you deſerve my precepts, you ſhall have 'em,
Mean while, if I'll be honeſt, I muſt rail at you.

Cleon. Let's walk, hang him, hear him not rail.

Phœax. Our Government is too remiſs in ſuffering the
Licence of Philoſophers, Orators, and Poets.

Apem. Show me a mighty Lordling, who's puft up,
And ſwells with the opinion of his greatneſs;

He'

He's an Aſs. For why does he reſpect himſelf ſo,
But to make others do it? wretched Aſs!
By the ſame means he ſeeks reſpect, he loſes it.
Mean thing! does he not play the Fool, and eat,
And drink, and void his excrements and ſtink,
Like other men, and die and rot ſo too?
What then ſhou'd it be proud of? 'Tis a Lord;
And that's a word ſome other men cannot
Prefix before their names: what then? a word
That it was born to, and then it could not help it.
Or if made a Lord, perhaps it was [*Enter* Timon's *three Servants.*
By blindneſs or partiality i' th' Government.
If for deſert, he loſes it in Pride;
Who ever's proud of his good deeds, performs
Them for himſelf; himſelf ſhou'd then reward 'em.
Oh but perhaps he's rich, 'Tis a million to one
There was villany in the getting of that dirt,
And he has the Nobility to have knaves for his Anceſtors.

Phæax. Hang thee thou ſnarling Raſcal, the Government's
To blame in ſuffering thee to rail ſo long.

Apem. The Government's to blame
In ſuffering the things I rail at.
In ſuffering Judges without Beards, or Law,
Secretaries that can't write;
Generals that durſt not fight, Ambaſſadors that can't ſpeak ſence;
Block-heads to be great Miniſters, and Lord it over witty men;
Suffering great men to ſell their Country for filthy bribes,
Old limping Senators to ſell their Souls
For vile extortion: Matrons to turn incontinent;
And Magiſtrates to pimp for their own Daughters.
Ruine of Orphans, treachery, murther, rapes,
Inceſts, adulteries, and unnatural ſins,
Fill all your dwellings, here's the ſhame of Government,
And not my railing. Men of hardn'd foreheads,
And ſear'd hearts. 'Tis a weak and infirm Government,
That is ſo froward it cannot bear mens words.

Ælius. Well, babling Philoſophy, call Raſcal,
We ſhall make you tremble one day.

Apem. Never.
Sordid great man! it is not in your power,
I fear not man no more than I can love him.
'Twere better for us that wild beaſts poſſeſt
The Empire of the Earth, they'd uſe men better,
Than they do one another. They'd ne're prey
On Man but for neceſſity of Nature.
Man undoes Man in wantonneſs and ſport,

Bruits

Bruits are much honeſter than he; my dog
When he fawns on me is no Courtier,
He is in earneſt; but a man ſhall ſmile,
And wiſh my throat cut.

Cleon. Money of me, ſay'ſt thou?

1 *Serv.* Yes! he ſays he's proud he has occaſion
To make uſe of you.

Cleon. Is't come to that? [*Aſide.*
Unfortunate Man! I have not half a Talent by me!
But here are other Lords can do it.
I honour him ſo, that if he will, I'll ſell my Land for him;
But prethee excuſe me to him, I am
In great haſte at this time. [*Ex.* Cleon.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis as I thought. How monſtrous and deform'd a
Thing is baſe ingratitude! Here's *Phæax.* My Lord?

Phæax. Oh! one of Lord *Timon*'s men? a gift I warrant you.
Why this hits right. I dreamt of a ſilver Baſon and
Ewer to night. How does that honourable, compleat,
Free-hearted Gentleman, thy very bountiful good Lord?

1 *Serv.* Well in his health, my Lord.

Phæax. I am heartily glad, what haſt thou
Under thy Cloak, honeſt youth?

1 *Serv.* An empty Box, which by my Lord's Command,
I come to entreat your Honour to ſupply with fifty Talents
He has inſtant need of. He bids me ſay
He does not doubt your Friendſhip.

Phæax. Hum! not doubt it! alas, good Lord!
He's a noble Gentleman! had he not kept ſo good a Houſe,
'Twould have been better: I've often din'd with him,
And told him of it, and come again to Supper for
That purpoſe to have him ſpend leſs, but 'twould not do:
I am ſorry for't: but good Lad thou art hopeful
And of good parts.

1 *Serv.* Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Phæax. A prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due. Thou know'ſt
What's reaſon. And canſt uſe thy time well, if the time uſe
Thee well —— 'Tis no time to lend money. Thou art wiſe,
Here's money for thee —— good Lad wink at me and ſay
Thou ſaw'ſt me not.

1 *Serv.* Is't poſſible the World ſhould differ ſo,
And we alive that liv'd in't?

Apem. What art thou ſent to invite thoſe Knaves again
To feaſt with thy luxurious Lord?

1 *Serv.* No: I came to borrow fifty Talents for him,
And this Lord has given me this to ſay, I did not ſee him.

Apem. Is't come to that already?

Baſe

Baſe ſlaviſh *Pheax*, thou of the Nobility?
Let molten Coin be thy damnation.
Pheax. Peace, Dog.
Apem. Thou worſe! thou Trencher-fly, thou flatterer,
Thou haſt *Timon*'s meat ſtill in thy gluttonous paunch,
And doſt deny him money. Why ſhould it thrive,
And turn to nutriment when thou art poiſon?
2 *Serv.* My noble Lord.
Iſand. Oh how does thy brave Lord, my nobleſt Friend?
2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your honour, he has ſent ——
Iſan. Hah —— what has he ſent? I am ſo much oblig'd
To him, he's ever ſending. How ſhall I thank him? hah,
What has he ſent?
2 *Serv.* He has ſent me to tell you he has occaſion
To uſe your Friendſhip, he has inſtant need
Of fifty Talents ——
Iſan. Is that the buſineſs? hah!
I know his honour is but merry with me,
He cannot want as many hundreds.
2 *Serv.* Yes, he wants fifty,
But is aſſur'd of your Honour's Friendſhip.
Iſan. Thou art not ſure in earneſt?
2 *Serv.* Upon my life I am.
Iſan. What an unfortunate Wretch am I? to diſfurniſh
My ſelf upon ſo good a time,
When I might have ſhown how much I love
And honour him: This is the greateſt affliction
E're fell upon me: the Gods can witneſs for me,
I was juſt ſending to my Lord my ſelf:
I have no power to ſerve him, my heart bleeds for't.
I hope his honour will conceive the beſt;
Beaſt that I am, that the firſt good occaſion
Shou'd not be in my power to uſe; I beg
A thouſand pardons. —— Tell him ſo ——
Apem. Thou art an excellent Summer Friend!
How often haſt thou dipt i' th' diſh with him?
He has been a Father to thee with his purſe,
Supported thy eſtate; when e're thou drink'ſt,
His ſilver kiſſes thy baſe Lips, thou rid'ſt upon
His Horſes, ly'ſt on his Beds.
Iſan. Peace, or I'll knock thy brains out. [*Ex.* Iſan.
2 *Serv.* My Lord *Thraſillus* ——
Thra. He's comes to borrow, I muſt ſhun him.
I hope your Lord is well.
2 *Serv.* Yes, my Lord, and has ſent me ——
Thra. To invite me to Dinner. I am in great haſt ——

But I'll wait on him if I can poſſible. [*Ex.* Thra.

Apem. Good Fool, go home.
Doſt think to find a grateful Man in *Athens?*

3 *Serv.* If my Lord's occaſions did not preſs
Very much, I would not urge it

Ælius. Why would he ſend to me? I am poor.
There's *Phœax*, *Cleon*, *Iſidore*, *Thraſillus*, and *Iſander*,
And many Men that owe their fortunes to him.

3 *Serv.* They have been toucht and found baſe mettle.

Ælius. Have they deny'd him; and muſt you come to me?
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? 'tis a great ſlight,
Muſt I be the laſt ſought to? he might have
Conſider'd who I am.

3 *Serv.* I ſee he did not know you.

Ælius. I was the firſt that e're receiv'd gift from him,
And I will keep it for his honour's ſake,
But at preſent I cannot poſſibly ſupply him:
Beſides, my Father made me ſwear upon
His Death, I never ſhould lend money.
I've kept the Oath e're ſince. Fare thee well. [*Ex.* Ælius.

3 *Serv.* They all fly us!

Apem. The barbarous Herd of mankind ſhun
One in affliction, and turn him out as
Deer do one that's hunted, go, go home
To thy fond Lord, and bid him Curſe himſelf,
That would not hear me: bid him live on root
And water, and know himſelf; he had better
Have ſhun'd Mankind than be deſerted by them. [*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Who could have thought *Timon* ſo loſt i' th' world?
With what amazement will the news of this
So ſudden alteration be receiv'd by all *Athenians?*

Chloe. Is it for certain true?

Mel. Certain as death or fate! my Father has aſſur'd me
Of it, that he is a Bankrupt, his Credit gone, and all
His ravenous Creditors with open Jaws will ſwallow him.
'Tis well I am inform'd, I'll ſtand upon my guard.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, a Gentleman below deſires admittance.

Mel. See *Chloe*, if it be Lord *Timon*, or any one from him,
Say I am not well, I will not be ſeen:
Be ſure I be not.

Chloe.

Chloe. I warrant you. [*Ex.* Chloe.

Mel. Seen by a Bankrupt! no, baſe poverty
Shall never enter here. Oh, were my *Alcibiades*
Recall'd, he would adore me ſtill,
And wou'd be rich too.

Enter Alcibiades *in diſguiſe, and* Chloe.

Chloe. It is a Gentleman in diſguiſe, I know him not.

Alcib. But my *Meliſſa* does. [*Pulls of his Diſguiſe.*

Mel. My *Alcibiades!* my Hero!
The Gods have hearkn'd to my vows for thee,
And have Crown'd all my wiſhes. Thou'rt more welcome
To me than the return of the Suns heat
Is to the frozen Region of the North,
That's cover'd half the year with Snow and Darkneſs.

Alcib. My Joy, my Life, my Blood, my Soul, my liberty,
And all that's pretious in the earth, I have
Within my arms: This treaſure far outweighs
The joys of Conqueſt, or deliverance
From baniſhment or ſlavery.

Mel. How proud am I of all thy victories!
'Twas thou that Conquer'd, but I triumph'd for thee,
All day I ſigh'd and wiſht, and pray'd for thee,
And in the night thou entertaind'ſt my ſleeps,
And whenſoe're I dreamt thou wert in danger,
I cry'd out, my *Alcibiades*, and in my dreams
I was valiant, and methought I fought for thee.

Alcib. Oh my Divine *Meliſſa!* the Cordial of thy love
Is of ſo ſtrong a ſpirit, 'twill overcome me,
One kiſs and take my Soul; another and
'Twill ſally out; Oh, I could fix whole Ages on
Thy tender Lip; and pity all the Fools
That keep a ſenſeleſs pother in the world for pow'r,
And pomp, and noiſe, and loſe ſubſtantial bliſs.

Mel. There is no bliſs but love; and but for that
The world would fall in pieces! Oh, with what a grief
Have I ſuſtain'd thy abſence! had not my Father
Prevented my eſcape, I had come to thee.

Alcib. 'Twas well for *Athens* ſafety that thou did'ſt not;
I had neglected all my Conqueſts which
Preſerved this baſe ungrateful town; for I
In thee ſhou'd have all that I fought for; Thou
Would'ſt have been life, liberty, Country and Eſtate to me.

Mel. I have the end of all my hopes and wiſhes,
If the ungrateful Senate will let me keep thee.

Alcib. 'Twas I that made them what they are, in hopes
They ſoon would call me home to thee.
It was the thought of that which fir'd my Soul,
At every ſtroke the memory of *Meliſſa*
Gave vigour to my arm, and made me conquer.

Mel. Oh, let ambition never more diſturb
Thy noble mind, let love in peace poſſeſs it.
Let not the noiſe of Drums and Trumpets clangor,
Claſhing of arms, and neighing Steeds, and groans
Of bleeding men entice thee from me.

Alcib. The Senate ſhall not dare remove me from thee.
Should they once offer it, I've an Army will
Toſs their uſurious bags about their ears,
Riſle their Houſes, deflour their Wives and Daughters,
And daſh their brains out of their doating heads.
But, dear *Meliſſa*, ſince our hearts ſo long
Have been united, let's not ſtay for Friends,
For Ceremony, but come, compleat our joys;
True love's above ſenſeleſs formalities.

Mel. If any thing from you could anger me,
This would; but know, none ſhall invade my vertue
Without my Life: but on my Knees I vow
No other man, though Crown'd the Emperour
Of all the World, ſhould ever have my love,
And though thy Country baſely ſhould deſert thee,
I would continue firm.

Alcib. And here
I ſwear, that could I conquer all the Univerſe,
I'd lay the Crowns and Scepters at thy feet
For thee to tread on. By thy ſelf I ſwear,
An Oath more ſacred far to me, than all
Mock Deities which Knaviſh Prieſts invent,
Are to the poor deluded Rabble.

Chloe. Madam! Your Father is come in.

Mel. Let us retire: my Father has not yet
Forgotten his enmity, the breaking of the
Peace with the Lacedemonians, and his foil
Which he thinks you caus'd in *Sicily*,
Hee'l not forgive.

Alcib. Had he injur'd me beyond all ſufferance,
I would have forgiven him for begetting thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Timon *and Servant.*

Tim. Is't poſſible? deſerted thus?
What large profeſſions did all theſe make but yeſterday?
Did they all refuſe to lend, ſay you?

1 *Serv.*

1 *Serv.* The rumour of your borrowing was ſoon
Diſperſt, and then at ſight of one of us
They would ſtop, ſtart, turn ſhort, paſs by, or ſeem
To overlook us, and avoided us,
As if we had been their mortal Enemies;
And who ſuſpected not when they were mov'd,
Came off with baſe excuſes.
Tim. Ye Gods! what will become of *Timon?* I'll go to 'em
My ſelf, they will not have the face to uſe me ſo.

Enter Demetrius.

Oh *Demetrius!* what news bring'ſt thou from the Senate?
Dem. I am return'd no richer than I went.
Tim. Juſt Gods! it cannot be.
Dem. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at ebb, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would, are ſorry; you are Honourable;
But yet they could have wiſht; they know not,
Something has been amiſs; a noble nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; 'tis pity;
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half caps and cold careleſs nods,
They froze me into ſilence.
Tim. The Gods reward their Villany, Old men
Have their ingratitude natural to 'em;
Their blood is cak'd and cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis want of kindly warmth which makes 'em cruel,
And Nature as it grows again towards earth,
Is faſhion'd for the Journey, dull and heavy.
Heav'n keep my Wits! or is't a bleſſing to be mad?
Demetrius, follow me; I'll try 'em all my ſelf.
Dem. The Senate is aſſembling again,
You'll find 'em in the Senate-Houſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter many Creditors with Bills and Papers,
Re-enter Demetrius.

Dem. How now, what makes this ſwarm of Raſcals here?
Each looking big, and with the viſage of demand.
1 *Cred.* We wait for certain ſums of money due.
Dem. If money were as certain as your waiting,
Why then proffer'd you not your Bills and Bonds
When your falſe Maſters eat of my Lords meat?

Then

Then they would ſmile and fawn upon him,
And ſwallow the intereſt down their greedy throats.

Enter Timon *and Servants.*

Tim. If *Meliſſa* be at home, tell her I'll wait on her ſuddenly.
1 *Cred.* Now, let's put in; my Lord, my Bill.
2 *Cred.* Here's mine.
3 *Cred.* And mine.
4 *Cred.* My Maſter's.
Tim. Hold, hold, my wits. Knock me down;
Cleave me to the waſte. What would you have, you Harpyes?
1 *Cred* We ask our due.
Tim. Cut my heart in pieces and divide it.
4 *Cred.* My Maſter's is thirty Talents.
Tim. Tell it out of my blood.
2 *Cred.* Five thouſand Crowns is mine.
Tim. Five thouſand drops pays that.
What yours, and yours?
3 *Cred.* My Lord.
1 *Cred.* My Lord.
Tim. Here, take me, pull me in pieces, will you?
The gods conſume, confound, and rot you all.
1 *Cred.* What a Devil, is he mad?
2 *Cred.* Mercy on us, let us be gone.
3 *Cred.* Let's go, hee'll murder ſome of us.
Tim. They have e'en taken my breath from me.
Slaves, Creditors, Dogs, preſerve my Wits, you Gods.
Dem. My Lord, be patient; paſſion mends it not.
[Lampridius *croſſes the ſtage and ſhuns* Timon.
Tim. See *Lampridius*, whom I redeem'd out of Priſon.
His Father dead ſince, and he rich.
Now the Villain ſhuns me.

Enter Phæax.

Oh my good Friend *Phæax*.
Phæax. Oh my Lord —— I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip.
I have a ſudden occaſion calls me hence,
I'll wait on you inſtantly. [*Ex.* Phæax.
Tim. I could not have believ'd this.

Enter Cleon.

My Lord.
Cleon. Oh my good Lord, I am going to ſee
If I can ſerve your Lordſhip in the Command

I re-

I receiv'd from you by your Servant. [*Ex.* Cleon.

Tim. Oh black Ingratitude! that Villain has
A Jewel at this moment on, which I preſented him,
Coſt me three thouſand Crowns.

Dem. You'll find 'em all like theſe.

Tim. There are not many ſure ſo bad.
How have I lov'd theſe men, and ſhewn 'em kindneſs,
As if they had been my Brothers, or my Sons!

[*Enter* Diphilus, *ſeeing* Timon, *muffles his face and turns away.*
Look, is not that my Servant *Diphilus*, whom I marry'd to
The old Man's Daughter, and gave him an eſtate too;
And now he hides himſelf, and ſteals from me?
How much is a Dog more generous than a Man;
Oblige him once, hee'l keep you Company,
Ev'n in your utmoſt want and miſery.

Enter Ælius.

Who's that? *Ælius?* my Lord —— *Ælius.*
Demetrius, go let him know *Timon* would ſpeak
With him —— [Dem. *goes to him, he turns back.*
Do you not know me, *Ælius?*

Ælius. Not know my good Lord *Timon!*

Tim. Think you I have the Plague?

Ælius. No, my Lord.

Tim. Why do you ſhun me then?

Ælius. I ſhun you? I'd ſerve your Lordſhip with my life.

Tim. I'll not believe, he who would refuſe me money,
Wou'd venture his life for me.

Ælius. I am very unfortunate not to have it in my Power
To ſupply you; but I am going to the *Forum*, to a Debter,
If I receive any, your Lordſhip ſhall command it. [*Ex.* Ælius.

Tim. Had I ſo lately all the Caps and Knees of th' *Athenians*,
And is't come to this? Brains hold a little.

Enter Thraſillus.

Thraſ. Who's there? *Timon?* [*runs back.*

Tim. There's another Villain.

Enter Iſander.

How is't, *Iſander?*

Iſand. Oh Heav'n! *Timon!*

Tim. What, did I fright you? am I become ſo dreadful
An Object? is poverty contagious?

Iſand.

Iſand. Your Lordſhip ever ſhall be dear to me.
It makes me weep to think I cou'd not ſerve you
When you ſent your Servant. I am expected at the Senate.
I humbly ask your pardon; I'll ſell all I have
But I'll ſupply you ſoon. [*Ex.* Iſander.

Tim. Smooth tongue, diſſembling, weeping Knave, farewel.
And farewel all Mankind! It ſhall be ſo — *Demetrius!*
Go to all theſe fellows. Tell 'em I'm ſupply'd, I have no
Need of 'em. Set out my condition to be as good
As formerly it has been. That this was but a Tryal,
And invite 'em all to Dinner.

Dem. My Lord, there's nothing for 'em.

Tim. I have taken order about that.

Dem. What can this mean? [*Ex.* Demetrius.

Tim. I have one reſerve can never fail me,
And while *Meliſſa*'s kind I can't be miſerable;
She has a vaſt fortune in her own diſpoſal.
The Sun will ſooner leave his courſe
Than ſhe deſert me.

Enter firſt Servant.

Is *Meliſſa* at home?

1 *Serv.* She is, my Lord; but will not ſee you.

Tim. What does the Raſcal ſay?
Damn'd Villain to bely her ſo? [*Strikes him.*

1 *Serv.* By Heav'n 'tis truth. She ſaies ſhe will not ſee you.
Her Woman told me firſt ſo. And when I would not
Believe her, ſhe came and told me ſo her ſelf;
That ſhe had no buſineſs with you; deſir'd you would
Not trouble her; ſhe had affairs of conſequence; *&c.*

Tim. Now, *Timon*, thou art faln indeed; fallen from all thy
Hopes of happineſs. Earth, open and ſwallow the
Moſt miſerable wretch that thou did'ſt ever bear.

Enter Meliſſa.

1 *Serv.* My Lord, *Meliſſa*'s paſſing by.

Tim. Oh Dear *Meliſſa!*

Mel. Is he here? what luck is this?

Tim. Will you not look on me? not ſee your *Timon?*
And did not you ſend me word ſo?

Enter Evandra.

Mel. I was very buſy, and am ſo now; I muſt obey my
Father; I am going to him.

Tim.

Tim. Was it not *Meliſſa* ſaid; If *Timon* were reduc'd
To rags and miſery, and ſhe were Queen of all the Univerſe,
She would not change her love?
Mel. We can't command our wills;
Our fate muſt be obey'd. [*Ex. Mel.*
Tim. Some Mountains cover me, and let my name,
My odious name be never heard of more.
O ſtragling Senſes whither are you going?
Farewel, and may we never meet again.
Evandra! how does the ſight of her perplex me!
I've been ungrateful to her, why ſhould I
Blame Villains who are ſo to me?
Evan. Oh *Timon!* I have heard and felt all thy afflictions;
I thought I never ſhou'd have ſeen thee more;
Nor ever would, had'ſt thou continu'd proſperous.
Let falſe *Meliſſa* baſely fly from thee,
Evandra is not made of that courſe ſtuff.
Tim. Oh turn thy eyes from an ungrateful man!
Evan. No, ſince I firſt beheld my ador'd *Timon*,
They have been fixt upon thee preſent, and when abſent
I've each moment view'd thee in my mind,
And ſhall they now remove?
Tim. Wilt thou not fly a wretched Caitif? who
Has ſuch a load of miſery beyond
The ſtrength of humane nature to ſupport?
Evan. I am no baſe Athenian Paraſite,
To fly from thy Calamities; I'll help to bear 'em.
Tim. Oh my *Evandra*, they're not to be born.
Accurſed *Athens?* Foreſt of two legg'd Beaſts;
Plague, civil War, and Famine, be thy lot:
Let propagation ceaſe, that none of thy
Confounding ſpurious Brood may ſpring
To infect and damn ſucceeding Generations;
May every Infant like the Viper gnaw
A paſſage through his Mothers curſed Womb;
And kill the Hag; or if they fail of it,
May then the Mothers like fell rav'nous Bitches
Devour their own baſe Whelps.
Evan. Timon! compoſe thy thoughts, I know thy wants,
And that thy Creditors like wild Beaſts wait
To prey upon thee; and baſe *Athens* has
To its eternal Infamy deſerted thee.
But thy unwearied bounty to *Evandra*
Has ſo enrich'd her, ſhe in wealth can vie
With any of th' extorting Senators,
And comes to lay it all at thy feet.

Tim. Thy moſt amazing generoſity o'rewhelms me;
It covers me all o're with ſhame and bluſhes.
Thou haſt oblig'd a wretch too much already,
And I have us'd thee ill for't; fly, fly, *Evandra!*
I have rage and madneſs, and I ſhall infect thee.
Earth! take me to thy Center; open quickly!
Oh that the World were all on fire!

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this ſight will break my heart;
Take comfort to you, let your Creditors
Swallow their maws full; we have yet enough,
Let us retire together and live free
From all the ſmiles and frowns of humane kind;
I ſhall have all I wiſh for, having thee.

Tim. My ſenſes are not ſound, I never can
Deſerve thee: I've us'd thee ſcurvily.

Evan. No, my dear *Timon*, thou haſt not.
Comfort thy ſelf, if thou haſt been unkind,
Forgive thy ſelf, and I forgive thee for it.

Tim. I never will;
Nor will I be obliged to one,
I have treated ſo injuriouſly as her—— [*Aſide.*

Evan. Pray, my Lord, go home; ſtrive to compoſe
Your ſelf. All that I have was and is yours; I wiſh
It ne're had been, that yet I might have ſhewn
By ſtronger proofs how much I love my *Timon.*

Tim. Moſt excellent of all the whole Creation,
Thou art too good that thou ſhould'ſt e're partake
Of my misfortunes——
And I am reſolv'd not to involve her in 'em. [*Aſide.*
Prithee, *Evandra*, go to thy own Houſe,
I am once more to give my flatt'ring Rogues
An entertainment, but ſuch a one as ſhall befit 'em;
And then I'll ſee thee.

Evan. Heav'n ever bleſs my Dear. [*Ex.* Timon *and* Evandra.

Enter Phæax, Cleon, Iſander, Iſidore, Thraſillus, Ælius.

Pha. I think my honourable Lord did but try us.

Cleon. On my life it was no more. His Steward aſſur'd
Me his condition was near as good as ever.

Iſand. That I doubt — but 'tis well at preſent
By his new feaſting.

Ælius. I am ſorry I was not furniſh'd when he ſent to me.

Iſid. I am ſick of that grief, now I ſee how all things go.

Enter

Enter Timon *and Attendants.*

Tim. Oh! my kind Friends! how is't with you all?
How I rejoice to ſee you! Come, ſerve in Dinner.
Phæax. My noble Lord! never ſo well as
When your Lordſhip is ſo.
Ælius. I am ſick with ſhame that I
Should be ſo unfortunate a Beggar when you ſent to me.
Tim. No more, no more, I did but make Tryal: I have
No need of any ſums; my Eſtate is in good health ſtill.
Phæax. Tryal, my good Lord? Would any one refuſe
Your Lordſhip, were it in his power? Command half
My Eſtate! I am ſorry I was ſo in haſt. I could
Not ſtay to tell you this. I have receiv'd Bills even now.
Pray uſe me — I hope he will not take me at my word. [*Aſide.*
Iſan. Take it not unkindly, my good Lord, that I could
Not ſerve you. Now my Lord command me — I am able.
Tim. I beſeech you do not think on't:
I know ye love me, All of ye.
Phæax. Equal with our ſelves, my dear Lord.
Thra. If you had ſent but two hours before to me? ——
Cleon. Now I have money, pray command it.
Tim. No more, for Heav'ens ſake; think you I diſtruſt
My kind good Friends! you are the beſt of Friends.
My Fortune ne're ſhall drive me from you, and ſhould
Mine fail, which I hope it never will,
I know I may command all yours.
Phæax. I ſhall think my ſelf happy enough if you would
But command my utmoſt *Drachma.*
Ælius. That were honour indeed; to ſerve Lord *Timon*,
I would with Life and Fortune.
Iſan. Alas! who would not be proud of it?
Iſid. Not a Man in *Athens.*
Cleon. There's no foot of my Eſtate your Lordſhip
May not call your own.
Thra. Nor mine, my noble Lord.
Tim. Thanks to my worthy Friends. Who has ſuch
Kind, ſuch hearty Friends as I have?
Ælius. All cover'd Diſhes.
Iſan. Royal chear I warrant you.
Phæax. Doubt not of that; if money or
The ſeaſon can afford it.
Iſid. The ſame good Lord ſtill.
Tim. Come, my worthy Friends, let's ſit: make it
Not a City Feaſt, to let the meat cool e're we agree
Upon our places.

The GRACE.

YOU great Benefactors, make your selves prais'd for your own gifts, base ungrateful man will not do it of himself; reserve still to give, left your Deities be despis'd; were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake ye: make the meat belov'd more than the man that gives it. Let no Assembly of twenty be without a score of Villains. If there be twelve women, let a dozen of 'em be ..... as they are. Confound, I beseech you, all the Senators of Athens, *together with the common people. What is amiss make fit for destruction; for these my present Friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome, but Toads and Snakes: A feast fit for such venemous Knaves.*

Pheax. What does he mean?
Ælius. He's mad I think.
Tim. May you a better Feast never behold.
You knot of mouth Friends, vapours, lukewarm Knaves;
Most smiling, smooth detested Parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable Wolves, meek Bears,
You Fools of Fortune, Trencher Friends, Time Flies,
Cap and Knee Slaves; an everlasting Leprosie
Crust you quite o're; what, dost thou steal away?
Soft, take thy Physick first, and thou, and thou; stay I will
Lend thee money —— borrow none.
Pheax. What means your Lordship? I'll be gone.
Cleon. And I. He'l murder us.
Ælius. This is raging madness; fly, fly. [*They run off.*
Tim. *What all in motion! henceforth be no feast,*
Whereat a Villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink Athens, *henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, *Man and all humanitie.* [*Ex.* Timon.

ACT IV.

Timon *Solus.*

Tim. LET me look back upon thee! O thou Wall
That girdlest in those Wolves! Sink in the Earth,
And fence not *Athens* longer; that vile Den
Of savage Beasts; ye Matrons all turn Whores;
Obedience fail in Children; Slaves and Fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their stead. To general filths

Convert

Convert o' th' inſtant green Virginity:
Do't in their Parents Eyes. Bankrupts hold faſt,
Rather than render back, out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters Throats. Bound Servants ſteal;
Large handed Robbers your grave Maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid to thy Maſters Bed,
Miſtreſs to the Brothel. Son of twenty one,
Pluck the lin'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire:
And with it beat his brains out. Piety, Fear,
Religion to the Gods; Peace, Juſtice, Truth,
Domeſtick awe, night reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries and Trades,
Degrees, Obſervations, Cuſtoms and Laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries;
And let confuſion live. Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious ſeavours heap
On *Athens* ripe for vengeance. Cold *Sciatica*
Cripple the Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of your youth;
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive
And drown themſelves in riot. Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenians Boſoms, and their Crop
Be general Leproſie. Breath infect breath;
That their Society as their Friendſhip, may
Be meerly poiſon. Nothing, nothing I bear from thee:
Farewel, thou moſt deteſted Town, and ſudden
Ruine ſwallow thee. [*Ex.* Tim.

Scene the Senate-Houſe, all the Senate ſitting.

Alcibiades.

Nic. How dare you, *Alcibiades*,
Knowing your Sentence not recall'd, venture hither?

Alcib. You ſee, my reverend Lords, what confidence
I place in you, that durſt expoſe my perſon
Before my Sentence be recall'd: I am not now
Petitioner for my ſelf; I leave my caſe
To your good and generous natures, when you ſhall
Think I've deſerv'd your favour for my ſervice.
I am an humble Suitor to your vertue,
For mercy is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly:
'Tis for a Gallant Officer of mine;
As brave a man as e're drew Sword for *Athens*.
'Tis *Thraſibulus*, who in heat of blood,
Has ſtept into the Law above his depth.

Nic.

Nic. True, he has kill'd a Man.

Alcib. I've been before the *Areopagus*, and they refuſe
All mercy. He is a Man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely
Vertues, nor did he ſoil the fact with Cowardiſe;
But with a noble fury did revenge
His injur'd reputation.

Phæax. You ſtrive to make an ugly deed look fair.

Nic. As if you'd bring Man-ſlaughter into form,
And valour did conſiſt in quarrelling.

Ælius. That is a baſe and illegitimate valour:
He's truly valiant that can wiſely ſuffer.

Iſan. All ſingle Combates are deteſtable,
And courage that's not warranted by law,
Is much too dangerous a Vice to go unpuniſhed.

Iſid. If injuries be evil, death is moſt ill,
And then what folly is it for the leſs ill
To hazard life the chiefeſt good?

Cleon. There's no ſuch courage as in bearing wrong.

Alcib. If there be ſuch valour in bearing, what
Do we abroad? Women are then more valiant
That ſtay at home. And the Aſs a better Captain
Than is the Lyon. The Malefactor that is
Loaden with Irons, wiſer than the Judge.

Nic. You cannot make groſs ſins look clean
With eloquence.

Alcib. Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to Battle,
And not endure all threats, and ſleep upon e'm,
And let the Foes quietly cut their throats?
Come my Lords —— be pitiful and good.

Nic. He that's more merciful than Law, is cruel.

Alcib. The utmoſt law is downright Tyranny:
To kill I grant is the extreameſt guilt,
But in defence of Honour.

Phæ. Honour! is any Honour to be fought for
But the Honour of our Country?

Alcib. Who will not fight for's own, will never fight
For that: Let him that has no anger judge him;
How many in their anger would commit
This Captains fault —— had they but courage for it?

Cleon. You ſpeak in vain.

Alcib. If you will not excuſe his Crime, conſider
Who he is, and what he has done;
His ſervice at *Lacedæmon* and *Byzantium*,
Are bribes ſufficient for his life.

Nic. He did his duty, and was rewarded with
His pay, and if he had not done it, he ſhould be puniſht.

Alcib.

Alcib. How, my Lords! is that all the return
For Souldiers toils, faſting and watching;
The many cruel hardſhips which they ſuffer;
The multitude of hazards, blood, and loſs
Of Limbs?

Iſan. Come, you urge it too far, he dies.

Alcib. He has ſlain in fight hundreds of Enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict! what death and wounds he gave!

Iſid. H' has given too many.

Ælius. He is a known Rioter, he has a ſin
That often drowns him; in that Beaſtly fury
He has committed outrages.

Phæ. Such as we ſhall not name, ſince others were
Concern'd in 'em, you know.

Nic. In ſhort,
His days are foul, and nights are dangerous;
And he muſt die.

Alcib. Hard Fate! he might have dy'd nobly in fight,
And done you ſervice: if not for his deſerts;
Conſider all my actions, Lords, and join 'em
With his —— your reverend Ages love ſecurity,
And therefore ſhou'd cheriſh thoſe that give it you.

Phæ. You are too bold —— he dies. No more ——

Alcib. Too bold, Lord! do you know who I am?

Cleon. What ſays he?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Iſan. Conſider well the place, and who we are?

Alcib. I cannot think but you have forgotten me.
Muſt I ſue for ſuch common grace,
And be deny'd? my wounds ake at you!

Nic. Y' are inſolent! we have not forgotten yet
Your riot and deſtructive Vices; Whoredoms,
Prophaneneſs, giddy-headed Paſſions.

Phæ. Your breaking *Mercury*'s Statues, and mocking
The myſteries of ſacred *Proſerpine.*

Alcib. Inſolent! now you provoke me. I am vext to ſee
Your private malice vented in a place
Where honeſt men would only think
On publick Intereſt. 'Tis baſe, and in another place
You would not ſpeak thus.

Nic. How ſay you!

Alcib. I thought the Images of *Mercury* had only been
The Favourites of the Rabble, and the rites of
Proſerpine: Theſe things are mockery to men
Of ſence. What folly 'tis to worſhip Statues when

You'd

You'd kick the Rogues that made 'em!

Phæ. How dare you talk thus? you have been a Rebel?

Alcib. Could any but the baſeſt of mankind
Urge that to me by whom he keeps that head
That utters this againſt me? my Rebellion!
It was 'gainſt the common people. And you all
Are Rebels againſt them.

Nic. Ceaſe your Inſolence! we ſided not with *Spartans.*

Alcib. What means had I to humble th' Athenian
Rabble but that?

Phæ. It was well done to get your Friend King *Agis*
His Wife with Child in his abſence.

Alcib. He was a Blockhead, and I mended his breed for him.
But what is that to th' matter now in hand?
You have provok'd me, Lords, and I muſt tell you,
It is by me you ſit in ſafety here.

Phæ. By you, bold man?

Alcib. Yes by me! fearful Man!
You have incens'd me now beyond all patience,
And I muſt tell you what ye owe me, Lords.
'Twas I that kept great *Tiſſaphernes* from
The Spartans aid, by which *Athens* by this
Had been one heap of Rubbiſh, I ſtopt
A hundred and fifty Gallies from *Phœnicia*,
Which would have fallen upon you: 'Twas I made
This *Tiſſaphernes*, *Athens* Friend, upon condition
That they would awe the common people, and take
The Government into the beſt mens hands;
Would you were ſo; I ſent *Piſander* then
To form this Ariſtocracy, and promis'd
The Perſian Generals Forces to aſſiſt you;
And when you had this pow'r, you caſt me off
That got it you.

Nic. My Lords! let him be ſilenc'd;
Shall he thus beard the Senate?

Alcib. I will be heard, and then your pleaſure, Lords.
Did not your Army in the Iſle of *Samos*,
Offended at your Government, chuſe me General?
And would have march't to your deſtruction,
Which I diverted? in that time your Foes
Would ſoon have won the Country of *Ionia*,
Of th' *Helleſpont* and all the other Iſles,
While you had been employ'd at home
With Civil Wars. I kept ſome back by force,
And by fair words others, in which *Thraſibulus*,
This man of *Stiria*, whom you thus condemn,

Having

Having the loudeſt voice of all the *Athenians*
Employ'd by me, cry'd out to all the Army;
And thus we kept 'em from you, Lords, and now
Athens a ſecond time was ſav'd by me.
Pha. 'Tis a ſhame that we ſhould ſuffer this!
Alcib. 'Tis a ſhame theſe things are unrewarded.
Another time I kept five hundred Sail
Of the *Phœnicians* from the Aid of the *Lacedæmonians*,
Won from 'em a Sea Battle,
Before the City of *Abidus*;
In ſpight of *Pharnabazus* mighty Power.
Think on my Victory all *Cizicum*, where I
Slew *Mendorus* in the Field, and took the City;
I brought then the *Bithynians* to your Yoke,
Won *Silibræa* on the *Helleſpont*;
And then *Byzantium*: thus not only I
Diverted the Torrent of the Armies Fury
From you, but turn'd it on the Enemies,
And all the while you ſafely told your Money,
And let it out upon extorted Intereſt;
Muſt I be after all poorly deny'd his Life,
Who has ſo often ventur'd it for you?
Pha. He dies, and you deſerve it, but our Sentence
Is for your Inſolence, we baniſh you;
If you be two hours more within theſe Walls,
Your Head is forfeited. Do you all conſent?
All Sen. All, all!
Alcib. All, all! I am glad I know you all!
Baniſh me! Baniſh your Doatage! Your Extortion!
Baniſh your foul Corruptions and ſelf Ends!
Oh the baſe Spirit of a Common-wealth!
One Tyrant is much better than four hundred;
The worſt of Kings would be aſham'd of this:
I am only rich in my large hurts from you.
Is this the Balſom the ill ntaur'd Senate
Pours into Captains Wounds? Ha! Baniſhment!
A good Man would not ſtay with you, I embrace my Sentence:
'Tis a Cauſe that's worthy of me. [*Exit* Alcib.
Nic. Was ever—— heard ſuch daring Inſolence?
Shall we break up the Senate?
All Sen. Ay, ay!

Timon *in the Woods digging.*

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the Fens,
The Bogs and muddy Marſhes, and from

Corrupted ſtanding Lakes, rotten humidity
Enough to infect the Air with dire conſuming Peſtilence,
And let the poiſonous exhalations fall
Down on th' *Athenians*; they're all Flatterers,
And ſo is all mankind.
For every degree of fortune's ſmooth'd
And ſooth'd by that below it; the learn'd pate
Ducks to the Golden Fool; There's nothing level
In our conditions, but baſe Villany;
Therefore be abhorr'd each Man, and all Society;
Earth yields me roots; thou common Whore of Mankind,
That put'ſt ſuch odds amongſt the rout of Nations;
I'll make thee do thy right office. Ha, what's here?
Gold, yellow, glittering precious Gold! enough
To purchaſe my eſtate again: Let me ſee further;
What a vaſt maſs of Treaſure's here! There ly,
I will uſe none, 'twill bring me Flatterers.
I'll ſend a Pattern on't to the *Athenians*,
And let 'em know what a vaſt Maſs I've found,
Which I'll keep from 'em. I think I ſee a Paſſenger
Not far off, I'll ſend it by him to the Senate. [*Exit* Timon.

Enter Evandra.

Evan. How long ſhall I ſeek my unhappy Lord?
But I will find him or will loſe my Life.
Oh baſe and ſhameful Villany of Man,
Amongſt ſo many thouſands he has oblig'd,
Not one would follow him in his Afflictions!
Ha! here is a Spade! ſure this belongs to ſome one
Who's not far off, I will enquire of him.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Who's there?
What beaſt art thou that com'ſt to trouble me?
Evan. Pray do not hurt me. I am come to ſeek
the poor diſtreſſed *Timon*, did you ſee him?
Tim. If thou be'ſt born of wicked humane Race,
Why com'ſt thou hither to diſturb his Mind?
He has forſworn all Company!
Evan. Is this my Lord! Oh dreadful Transformation!
My deareſt Lord, do you not know me?
Tim. Thou walk'ſt upon two Legs, and haſt a face
Erect towards Heav'n; and all ſuch Animals
I have abjur'd; they are not honeſt,

Thoſe

Thoſe Creatures that are ſo, walk on all four,
Prithee be gone.
Evan. He's much diſtracted ſure?
Have you forgotten your poor *Evandra?*
Tim. No! I remember there was ſuch a one,
Whom I us'd ill! Why doſt thou follow miſery?
And add to it? Prithee be gone.
Evan. Theſe cruel Words will break my heart,
I come not to increaſe thy Miſery but mend it.
Ah my dear *Timon!* Why this Slave-like habit?
And why this Spade?
Tim. 'Tis to dig Roots, and earn my Dinner with.
Evan. I have converted part of my Eſtate
To Money and to Jewels, and have brought 'em
To lay 'em at thy feet, and the Remainder
Thou ſoon ſhalt have.
Tim. I will not touch 'em; no, I ſhall be flatter'd.
Evan. Comfort thy ſelf and quit this ſavage life;
We have enough in ſpite of all the baſeneſs
Of th' *Athenians*, let not thoſe Slaves
Triumph o're thy Afflictions; we'll live free.
Tim. If thou diſſwad'ſt me from this Life, Thou hat'ſt me;
For all the Principalities on Earth,
I would not change this Spade! prithee be gone,
Thou tempt'ſt me but in vain.
Evan. Be not ſo cruel.
Nothing but Death ſhall ever take me from thee.
Tim. I'll never change my Life:
What would'ſt thou do with me?
Evan. I'd live the ſame: Is there a time or place,
A Temper or Condition I would leave
My *Timon* in?
Tim. You muſt not ſtay with me?
Evan. Oh too unkind!
I offer'd thee all my Proſperity ——
And thou moſt niggardly denieſt me part
Of thy Afflictions.
Tim. Ah ſoft *Evandra!* is not the bleak Air
Too boiſterous a Chamberlain for thee?
Or doſt thou think theſe reverend Trees that have
Out-liv'd the Raven, will be Pages to thee?
And skip where thou appoint'ſt 'em? Will the Brook
Candid with Morning Ice, be Candle to thee?
Evan. Thou wilt be all to me.
Tim. I am ſavage as a Satyr, and my Temper
Is much unſound, my Brain will be diſtracted.

Evan. Thou wilt be *Timon* ſtill, that's all I ask.
Tim. It was a Comfort to me when I thought
That thou wert proſperous; Thou art too good
To ſuffer with me the rough boiſt'rous weather,
To mortifie thy ſelf with Roots and Water,
'Twill kill thee. Prithee be gone.
Evan. To Death if you command.
Tim. I have forſworn all Humane Converſation.
Evan. And ſo have I but thine.
Tim. 'Twill then be miſery indeed to ſee
Thee bear it.
Evan. On my Knees I beg it.
If thou refuſeſt me, I'll kill my ſelf.
I ſwear by all the Gods.
Tim. Riſe my *Evandra!*
I now pronounce to all the world, there is
One VVoman honeſt; if they ask me more
I will not grant it: Come, my dear *Evandra*,
I'll ſhew thee Wealth enough I have found with digging,
To purchaſe all my Land again, which I
VVill hide from all Mankind.
Evan. Put all my Gold and Jewels to't.
Tim. VVell ſaid *Evandra!* Look, here is enough
To make Black White, Foul Fair, VVrong Right;
Baſe Noble, Old Young, Cowards Valiant.
Ye Gods, here is enough to lug your Prieſts
And Servants from your Altars. This thing can
Make the hoar'd Leproſie ador'd, place Thieves
And give 'em Title, Knee and Approbation;
This makes the toothleſs, warp'd and wither'd VVidows
Marry again. This can embalm and ſweeten
Such as the Spittle-Houſe and ulcerous Creatures
VVould caſt the Gorge at: this can defile
The pureſt Bed, and make Divorce 'twixt Son
And Father, Friends and Kindred, all Society;
Can bring up new Religions, and kill Kings.
Evan. Let the Earth that breeds it, hide it,
There 'twill ſleep, and do no hired Miſchief.
Tim. Now Earth for a Root.
Evan. 'Tis her unfathom'd VVomb teems and feeds all,
And of ſuch vile corrupting Mettal, as
Man, her proud arrogant—— Child is made of,
Does engender black Toads, and Adders blue, the guilded Neut
And eye-leſs venom'd VVorm, with all
The loathſome Births the quickning Sun does ſhine on.
Tim. Yield him, who all thy humane Sons does hate,

From

From out thy plenteous boſom ſome poor roots;
Sear up thy fertile VVomb to all things elſe;
Dry up thy marrow, thy Veins, thy Tilth and Paſture,
VVhereof ungrateful man with liquoriſh draughts
And unctuous morſels greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips.
But hold a while —— I am faint and weary.
My hands not us'd to toil, are gall'd.

Evan. Repoſe your ſelf, my deareſt love, thus —— your head
Upon my lap, and when thou haſt refreſht
Thy ſelf, I'll gather Fruits and Berries for thee.

Enter Apemantus.

Tim. More Plague! more Man! retire into my Cave. [*Ex.* Evan.

Apem. I was directed hither, Men report
That thou affect'ſt my Manners, and doſt uſe 'em.

Tim. 'Tis then becauſe I would not keep a Dog
Should Imitate thee.

Apem. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poor unmanly Melancholy, ſprung
From change of Fortune. VVhy this Spade? this place?
This ſlave-like Habit, and theſe Looks of Care?
Thy ſordid Flatt'rers yet were Silk, lye ſoft,
Hug their diſeas'd Perfumes, and have forgotten
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe VVoods,
By putting on the Cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatt'rer now and ſeek to thrive
By that which has undone thee. Hinge thy Knee,
And let each great Man's Breath blow off thy Cap.
Praiſe his moſt monſtrous Deformities,
And call his fouleſt Vices excellent.
Thou wert us'd thus.

Tim. Doſt thou love to hear thy ſelf prate?

Apem. No; but thou ſhould'ſt hear me ſpeak.

Tim. I hate thy Speech and ſpit at thee.

Apem. Do not aſſume my Likeneſs to diſgrace it.

Tim. VVere I like thee, I'd uſe the Copy
As the Original ſhou'd be us'd.

Apem. How ſhou'd it be us'd?

Tim. It ſhould be hang'd.

Apem. Before thou wert a Mad-man, now a Fool;
Art thou proud ſtill?
Call any of thoſe Creatures whoſe naked Natures
Live in all the ſpight of angry Heav'n,
VVhoſe bare un-houſed Trunks

To

To the conflicting Elements expos'd,
Answer meer Nature, bid 'em flatter thee,
And thou shalt find——
Tim. An Ass of thee——
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did——
Tim. I hate thee worse——
Apem. Why so?
Tim. Thou flattereſt misery.
Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a Wretch——
Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
Apem. Perhaps to vex thee.
Tim. Always a Villain's Office or a Fool's.
Apem. If thou doſt put on this sour life and habit
To caſtigate thy Pride, 'twere well, but thou
Doſt it inforc'dly, wert thou not a Beggar,
Thou'dſt be a Courtier again.
Tim. Slave thou ly'ſt, 'tis next thee the laſt thing
Which I would be on Earth.
Apem. How much does willing Poverty excel
Uncertain Pomp! for this filling ſtill,
Never compleat, that always at high wiſh;
But thou haſt a contentleſs wretched Being,
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to dye being miſerable.
Tim. Not by his advice that is more miſerable.
Apem. I am contented with my poverty.
Tim. Thou ly'ſt. Thou would'ſt not ſnarl ſo if thou wert.
But 'tis a Burthen that is light to thee,
For thou haſt been always us'd to carry it.
Thou art a thing whom Fortune's tender arms
With favour never claſpt, but bred a Dog;
Hadſt thou like me from thy firſt ſwath proceeded
To all the ſweet Degrees, that this brief World
Afforded me; thou would'ſt have plung'd thy ſelf
In general Riot, melted down thy Youth
In different Beds of Luſt, and never learn't
The Icy Precepts of Morality,
But had'ſt purſu'd the alluring Game before thee.
Apem. Thou ly'ſt——I would have liv'd juſt as I do.
Tim. Poor Slave! thou doſt not know thy ſelf!
Thou well canſt bear what thou haſt been bred to;
But for me who had the World as my Confectionary,
The Tongues, the Eyes, the Ears, the Hearts of all Men,
At duty more than I could frame Imployments for,
That numberleſs upon me ſtuck as leaves
Upon the Oak, they've with one Winters bruſh
Fain from their boughs and left me open, bare

To

To every ſtorm that blows: for me to bear this
Who never knew but better, is a great burthen;
Thy Nature did commence in ſuff'rance. Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: If thou wilt curſe,
Curſe then thy Father, who in ſpite put ſtuff
To ſome She-Beggar, and compounded thee,
A poor Hereditary Rogue.

Apem. Poor Aſs!
The middle of humanity thou ne're
Didſt know, but the extremity of both ends;
When thou wert in thy Gilt and thy Perfumes,
Men mock'd thee for thy too much Curioſity;
Thou in thy Rags know'ſt none.

Tim. Be gone, thou tedious prating Fool.
That the whole Life of *Athens* were in this
One Root, thus would I eat it.

Apem. I'll mend thy Feaſt

Tim. Mend my Condition, take thy ſelf away.

Apem. What would'ſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a Whirlwind.

Apem. When I have nothing elſe to do I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. If there were nothing living but thy ſelf,
Thou ſhould'ſt not even then be welcome to me;
I had rather be a Beggar's Dog than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art a miſerable Fool.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe: no miſery
That I could wiſh thee but thou haſt already.

Tim. Be gone, thou Iſſue of a Mangy Dog.
I ſwoun to ſee thee.

Apem. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away, thou tedious Rogue, or I will cleave thy Skull.

Apem. Farewel, Beaſt.

Tim. Be gone, Toad.

Apem. The *Athenians* report thou haſt found a Maſs
Of Treaſure; they'll find thee out: The plague
Of Company light on thee.

Tim. Slave! Dog! Viper! out of my ſight. [*Ex.* Apem.
Choler will kill me if I ſee mankind!
Come forth, *Evandra*; Thou art kind and good.

Enter Evandra.

Canſt thou eat Roots and drink at that freſh Spring?
Our Feaſting's come to this.

Evan.

Evan. Whate're I eat
Or drink with thee is feaſt enough to me;
Would'ſt thou compoſe thy thoughts and be content,
I ſhould be happy.

Tim. Let's quench our thirſt at yonder murmuring Brook,
And then repoſe a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Poet, Painter *and* Muſician.

Poet. As I took note o' the place, it cannot be far off,
Where he abides.

Muſ. Does the rumour hold for certain, that he's ſo full of Gold?

Poet. 'Tis true! H' has found an infinite ſtore of Gold.
He has ſent a Pattern of it to the Senate;
You will ſee him a Palm again in *Athens*,
And flouriſh with the higheſt of 'em all.
Therefore 'tis fit in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs,
We tender all our ſervices to him.——

Paint. If the report be true we ſhall ſucceed.

Muſ. If we ſhou'd not——

Re-enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Poet. We'll venture our joint labours. Yon is he,
I know by the deſcription.

Muſ. Let's hide ourſelves, and ſee how he will take it. [*A Symphony.*

Evan. Here's Muſick in the Woods, whence comes it?

Tim. From flattering Rogues who have heard that I
Have Gold; but that their diſappointment would be greater,
In taking pains for nought, I'd ſend 'em back——

Poet. Hail worthy *Timon*——

Muſ. Our noble maſter——

Paint. My moſt excellent Lord.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee three honeſt men?

Poet. Having ſo often taſted of your bounty,
And hearing you were retir'd, your friends faln off,
For whoſe ungrateful natures we are griev'd,
VVe come to do you ſervice.

Muſ. VVe are not of ſo baſe a mould; we ſhould
Deſert our noble Patron!

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! oh, how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eat roots and drink cold water?

Poet. VVhate're we can, we will to do you ſervice.

Tim. Good men! come you are honeſt, you have heard
That I have gold enough! ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt.

Poet. So it is ſaid, but therefore came not we.

Muſ. Not we, my Lord.

Paint. VVe thought not of it.

Tim. You are Good men, but have one monſtrous fault.

Poet. I beſeech your honour, what is it?

Tim.

Tim. Each of you truſts a damn'd notorious Knave.
Paint. Who is that, my Lord?
Tim. Why, one another, and each truſts himſelf.
Ye baſe Knaves, Tripartite! be gone! make haſt!
Or I will uſe you ſo like Knaves. [*He ſtones 'em.*
Poet. Fly, fly, —— [*All run out.*
Tim. How ſick am I of this falſe World?
I'll now prepare my Grave, to lie where the light foam
Of the outragious Sea may waſh my Corps.
Evan. My deareſt *Timon*, do not talk of Death;
My Life and thine together muſt determine.
Tim. There is no reſt without it; prithee leave
My wretched Fortune, and live long and happy,
Without thy *Timon*. There is Wealth enough.
Evan. I have no Wealth but thee, let us lie down to reſt;
I am very faint and heavy —— [*They lie down.*

Enter Meliſſa *and* Chloe.

Mel. Let the Chariot ſtay there.
It is moſt certain he has found a Maſs of money,
And he has ſent word to the Senate he's richer than ever.
Chlo. Sure were he rich, he would appear again.
Mel. If he be, I doubt not but with my Love I'll charm
Him back to *Athens*, 'twas my deſerting him
Has made him thus Melancholy.
Chlo. If he be not, you'l promiſe Love in vain;
Mel. If he be not, my Promiſe ſhall be vain;
For I'll be ſure to break it: Thus you ſaw
When *Alcibiades* was baniſh'd laſt,
I would not ſee him; I am always true
To Intereſt and my Self. There Lord *Timon* lies!
Tim. What Wretch art thou come to diſturb me?
Mel. I am one that loves thee ſo, I cannot loſe thee.
I am gotten from my Father and my Friends,
To call Thee back to *Athens*, and Her arms
Who cannot live without thee.
Evan. It is *Meliſſa!* prithee liſten not
To her Deſtructive *Syren*'s voice.
Tim. Fear not.
Mel. Doſt thou not know thy dear *Meliſſa?*
To whom thou mad'ſt ſuch Vows!
Tim. O yes, I know that piece of Vanity,
That frail, proud, inconſtant fooliſh Thing.
I do remember once upon a time,
She ſwore eternal love to me, ſoon after
She would not ſee me, ſhun'd me, ſlighted me.
Mel. Ah now I ſee thou never lov'dſt me, *Timon*,

That was a Tryal which I made of thee,
To find if thou didſt love me, if thou hadſt
Thou wouldſt have born it: I lov'd thee then much more
Than all the World——but thou art falſe I ſee,
And any little Change can drive thee from me,
And thou wilt leave me miſerable.

Evan. Mind not that Crocodile's Teats,
She would betray thee.

Mel. Is there no Truth among Mankind?
Had I ſo much Ingratitude, I had left
Thy fallen Fortune, and ne'er ſeen thee more:
Ah *Timon!* could'ſt thou have been kind, I could
Rather have begg'd with thee, than have enjoy'd
With any other all the Pomp of *Greece*;
But thou art loſt and haſt forgotten all thy Oaths.

Evan. Why ſhou'd you ſtrive to invade another's Right?
He's mine, for ever mine: Theſe arms
Shall keep him from thee.

Mel. Thine! poor mean Fool! has Marriage made him ſo?
No,—— Thou art his Concubine, diſhoneſt Thing;
I would enjoy him honeſtly.

Tim. Peace, Screech Owl: There is much more Honeſty
In this one Woman than in all thy Sex
Blended together; our Hearts are one;
And ſhe is mine for ever: were thou the Queen
Of all the Univerſe, I would not change her for thee.

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! this is a better Cordial
Than all the World can give.

Tim. Falſe! proud! affected! vain fantaſtick thing;
Be gone, I would not ſee thee unleſs I were a Baſilisk:
Thou boaſt'ſt that thou art honeſt of thy Body,
As if the Body made one honeſt:
Thou haſt a vile corrupted filthy Mind——

Mel. I am no Whore as ſhe is.

Tim. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe's none: But thou art one in thy Soul:
Be gone, or thou'lt provoke me to do a thing unmanly,
And beat thee hence.

Mel. Farewel, Beaſt—— [*Ex.* Mel. *and* Chlo.

Evan. Let me kiſs thy hand, my deareſt Lord,
It it were poſſible more dear than ever.

Tim. *Let's now go ſeek ſome reſt within my Cave,*
If any we can have without the Grave. [Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Timon *and* Evandra.

Tim. NOW after all the Follies of this Life,
Timon has made his everlaſting Manſion
Upon the beached Verge of the Salt Flood;
Where every day the ſwelling Surge ſhall waſh him;
There he ſhall reſt from all the Villanies,
Betraying Smiles, or th' oppreſſing Frowns
Of proud and impotent Man.

Evan. Speak not of Death, I cannot loſe thee yet,
Throw of this dire conſuming Melancholy.
Oh could'ſt thou love as I do, thou'dſt not have
Another wiſh but me. There is no ſtate on Earth
Which I can envy while I have thee within
Theſe Arms—— take Comfort to thee, think not yet
Of Death—— leave not *Evandra* yet.

Tim. Think'ſt thou in Death we ſhall not think,
And know, and love, better than we can here?
O yes, *Evandra!* There our Happineſs
Will be without a Wiſh—— I feel my long Sickneſs
Of Health and Living now begin to mend,
And nothing will bring me all things:
Thou *Evandra*, art the thing alone on Earth, would make me wiſh
To play my part upon the troubleſome Stage,
Where Folly, Madneſs, Falſhood, and Cruelty,
Are the only actions repreſented.

Evan. That I have lov'd my *Timon* faithfully
Without one erring Thought, the Gods can witneſs;
And as my Life was true, my Death ſhall be,
If I one minute after thee ſurvive,
The Scorn and Infamy of all my Sex
Light on me, and may I live to be *Meliſſa*'s Slave.

Tim. Oh my ador'd *Evandra!*
Thy Kindneſs covers me with Shame and Grief,
I have deſerv'd ſo little from thee;
Were't not for thee I'd wiſh the World on Fire.

Enter Nicias, Phæax, Iſidore, Iſander, Cleon, Thraſillus *and* Ælius.

More Plagues yet!

Nici. How does the VVorthy *Timon*?
Is grieves our Hearts to ſee thy low Condition,
And we are come to mend it.

Phæax. We and the *Athenians* cannot live without thee,
Caſt from thee this ſad Grief, moſt Noble *Timon*,

The Senators of *Athens* greet thee with
Their Love, and do with one conſenting Voice
Intreat thee back to *Athens*.

Tim. I thank 'em and would ſend 'em back the Plague,
Could I but catch it for 'em

Ælius. The Gods forbid, they love thee moſt ſincerely.

Tim. I will return 'em the ſame Love they bear me.

Nic. Forget, moſt Noble *Timon:* they are ſorry
They ſhould deny thee thy Requeſt; they do
Confeſs their Fault; the Publick Body,
Which ſeldom does recant, confeſſes it.

Cleon. And has ſent us———

Tim. A very ſcurvey ſample of that Body.

Phæax. O my good Lord! we have ever lov'd you beſt
Of all Mankind.

Thraſ. And equal with our ſelves.

Iſid. Our Hearts and Souls were ever fixt upon thee.

Iſan. We would ſtake our Lives for you.

Phæ. We are all griev'd to think you ſhould
So miſ-interpret our beſt Loves.

Cleon. Which ſhall continue ever firm to you.

Tim. Good Men, you much ſurpriſe me, even to Tears;
Lend me a Fool's Heart and Womens Eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe Comforts, worthy Lords.

Nic. We beg your Honour will interpret fairly.

Phæ. The Senate has reſerv'd ſome ſpecial Dignities
Now vacant, to confer on you. They pray
You will return, and be their Captain,
Allow'd with abſolute Command.

Nic. Wild *Alcibiades* approaches *Athens*
VVith all his Force; and like a ſavage Bear
Roots up his Countries Peace; we humbly beg
Thy juſt Aſſiſtance.

Phæax. VVe all know thou art worthy
And haſt oblig'd thy Country heretofore
Beyond return.

Ælius. Therefore, good Noble Lord.

Tim. I tell you, Lords,
If *Alcibiades* kill my Country men,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not: But if he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged Men by th' Beards,
Giving up pureſt Virgins to the Stain
Of beaſtly mad brain'd VVar; Then let him know,
In Pity of the Aged and the Young,
I cannot chuſe but tell him that I care not,

And let him tak't at worſt; for their Swords care not
VVhile you have Throats to anſwer; for my ſelf
There's not a Knife in all the unruly Camp,
But I do love and value more than the
Moſt reverend Throat in *Athens*, tell 'em ſo!
Be *Alcibiades* your Plague, ungrateful Villains.
Phæ. O my good Lord, you think too hardly of us.
Ælius. Hang him! there's no hopes of him.
Nic. He'll ne'er return; he truly is *Miſanthropos.*
Phæ. You have Gold, my Lord, will you not ſerve
Your Country with ſome of it?
Tim. Oh my dear Country! I do recant,
Commend me kindly to the Senate, tell 'em
If they will come all in one Body to me,
And follow my Advice, they ſhall be welcome.
Nic. I am ſure they will, my Noble Lord.
Tim. I will inſtruct 'em how to eaſe their Griefs;
Their fears of Hoſtile Strokes, their Aches, Loſſes,
Their covetous Pangs, with other incident Throes,
That Natures fragil Veſſel muſt ſuſtain
In Lifes uncertain Voyage.
Phæ. How, my good Lord? this kind Care is Noble.
Tim. VVhy even thus——
I will point out the moſt convenient Trees
In all this VVood, to hang themſelves upon.
And ſo farewel, ye Covetous, Fawning Slaves, be gone!
Let me not ſee the Face of Man more,
I had rather ſee a Tiger faſting———
Nic. He's loſt to all our Purpoſes.
Phæ Let's ſend a Party out of *Athens* to him
To force him to confeſs his Treaſure;
And put him to the Torture if he will not.
Nic. It will do well, let's away. [*Drums.*
Ælius. VVhat Drums are thoſe?
Phæax. They muſt belong to *Alcibiades!*
To Horſe and fly, or we ſhall chance be taken. [*Exeunt.*
Tim. Go fly, *Evandra*, to my Cave, or thou
May'ſt ſuffer by the Rage of luſtful Villains.

Enter Alcibiades *with* Phryne *and* Thais, *two Whores.*

Alci. Command a Halt, and ſend a Meſſenger
To ſummon *Athens* from me!
VVhat art thou there? Speak.
Tim. A two legg'd Beaſt as thou art, Cankers gnaw thee
For ſhewing me the Face of Man again.
Alci. Is Man ſo hateful to thee! VVhat art thou?

Tim.

Tim. I am *Miſanthropos!* I hate Mankind:
And for thy part, I wiſh thou wer't a Dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.
But now I think on's, thou art going
Againſt yon Curſed Town: go on!
It is a worthy cauſe.
Alci. Oh *Timon!* now I know thee, I am ſorry
For thy misfortunes; and hope a little time
Will give me occaſion to redreſs 'em.
Tim. I will not alter my condition
For all you e're ſhall conquer; no, go on,
Paint with man's blood the Earth: die it well.
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel,
What then muſt War be?
Alcib. How came the noble *Timon* by this change?
Tim. As the Moon does by wanting light to give,
And then renew I could not like the Moon,
There were no Suns to borrow of.
Alcib. What friendſhip ſhall I do thee?
Tim Why, promiſe me friendſhip and perform none;
If thou wilt not promiſe, thou art no man:
If thou doſt perform, thou art none neither.
Alcib. I am griev'd to ſee thy miſery.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt it when I was rich.
Alcib. Then was a happy time.
Tim. As thine is now, abus'd by a brace of Harlots.
What doſt thou fight with Women by thy ſide?
Alcib. No, but after all the toils and hazards of the day
With men, I refreſh my ſelf at night with Women.
Tim. Theſe falſe Whores of thine have more Deſtruction
In e'm, than thy Sword.
Phry. Thou art a Villian to ſay ſo——
Thais. Is this he, that was the *Athenian* Minion?
A ſnarling Raſcal
Tim. Be Whores ſtill, they love you not that uſe you;
Employ all your ſalt hours to ruine Youth,
Soften their manners into a Lethargy
Of Senſe and Action.
Phry. Hang thee, Monſter; we are not Whores,
We are Miſtreſſes to *Alcibiades.*
Tim. The right name is Whore, do not miſcal it,
Ye have been ſo to many.
Thais. Out, on you Dog.
Alcib. Pray pardon him;
His wits are loſt in his Calamities;
I have but little Gold, but here's ſome for thee.

Tim.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. VVilt thou go 'gainſt *Athens* with me?
Tim. If ye were Beaſts, I'd go with ye:
But Ill not herd with Men; yet I love thee
Better than all men, becauſe thou wert born
To ruine thy baſe Country.
Alcib. I've ſent to Summon *Athens*; if ſhe obeys not,
I'll lay her on a heap.
Tim. It were a glorious Act; go on, go on!
Here's Gold for thee; ſtay, I'll fetch thee more.
Alcib. VVhat Myſterie is this? where ſhou'd he have this
Tim. Here's more Gold and Jewels! go on,
Be a devouring Plague; let not
Thy Sword skip one, ſpare thou no Sex or Age:
Pity not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He's an Uſurer: ſtrike the counterfeit Matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a Bawd: Let not the Virgin's Cheek
Make ſoft thy Sword, nor Milk-paps giving ſuck:
Spare not the Babe whoſe dimpled Smiles,
From Fools exhauſt their Mercy; think 'twill be
A Rogue or VVhore e'er long if thou ſhould'ſt ſpare it.
Put Armour on thy Eyes and Ears, whoſe Proof,
Nor Yells of Mothers, Maids, nor crying Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce one jot.
Phryn. Haſt thou more Gold, good *Timon?* give us ſome.
Thais. VVhat Pity 'tis he ſhould be thus Melancholy!
He is a fine Perſon now.
Tim. Oh flattering VVhores! but that I am ſure you will
Do ſtore of Miſchief, I'd not give you any:
Here! be ſure you be VVhores ſtill,
And who with pious Breath ſeeks to convert ye,
Be ſtrong in VVhore, allure and burn him up;
Thatch your thin Skulls with Burthens from the Dead,
Some that were hang'd, no matter,
VVear them! betray with them, VVhore ſtill;
Paint till a Horſe may mire upon your Faces——
A Pox on VVrinkles, I ſay.
Thais. VVell, more Gold, ſay what thou wilt.
Tim. Sow your Conſumptions in the Bones of Men;
Dry up their Marrows, pain their Shins and Shoulders;
Crack the Lawyer's Voice, that he
May never bawl, and plead falſe Title more.
Entice the luſtful and diſſembling Prieſts,
That ſcold againſt the quality of Fleſh,

And

And not believe themſelves; I am not well.
Here's more, ye proud, laſcivious, rampant Whores.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you;
And Ditches be all your Death-Beds and your Graves.
Phry. More Counſel, and more Money, bounteous *Timon.*
Tim. More Whore! more Miſchief firſt,
I've given you Earneſt.
Alcib. We but diſturb him! farewell,
If I thrive well, I will viſit thee again.
Tim. If I thrive well, I ne're ſhall ſee thee more:
I feel Death's happy ſtroak upon me now,
He has laid his Icy hands upon me at length;
He will not let me go again, Farewel.
Confound *Athens*, and then thy ſelf. [*Ex.* Timon.
Alcib. Now march, Sound Trumpets and beat Drums,
And let the Terrour of the noiſe invade
The ungrateful, Cowardly, uſurious Senate. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Nicias, Ælius, Cleon, Thraſillus, Iſidore, Iſander, *upon the works of* Athens.
Nic. What ſhall we do to appeaſe his Rage?
He has an Army able to devour us.
Phæ. We muſt e'en humbly bow our necks,
That he may tread on 'em.
Ælius. He is a man of eaſie nature, ſoon won by ſoothings.
Nic. I tremble leſt he ſhould revenge our ſentence.
Iſid. If we ſhou'd reſiſt, he'll level *Athens.*
Iſan. And then wo to our ſelves,
Our Wives and Daughters.
Nic. What will become of you and me *Phœax?*
We have been Enemies to him long. I tremble for it.
Phæ. Let us appear moſt forward in delivering up the Town to him.
Nic. If we reſiſt hee'l uſe a Conquerour's Power,
And nothing then will eſcape the fury of
The Headſtrong Souldiers, we muſt all ſubmit.
See, he approaches. Theſe Drums and Trumpets
Strike Terrour into me! Heav'n, help all. [*Enter Herald.*
Enter Alcibiades *and his Army.*
Alcib. What anſwer make they to my Summons?
Herald. They are on the works to treat with you.
Alcib. There's a white Flag! let us approach 'em.
Hoa! you on the works! give me and my Army entrance,
Or I'll let looſe the fury of my Souldiers,
And make you all a prey to ſpoil and rapine;
And ſuch a flame I'll light about your ears,
Shall make *Greece* tremble.
Nic. My noble Lord! we mean nothing leſs.

Phæ.

Phæ. Only we beg your Honour will forgive us.
Nic. We'ave been ungrateful, and are much aſham'd on't;
Your Lordſhip ſhall tread upon our Necks if you think good;
We cannot but condemn our ſelves;
But we appeal to your known Mercy and
Your Generoſity.
Phæ. March, Noble Lord, into our City
With all the Banners ſpread; we are thy Slaves.
Ælius. Your Footſtools.
Iſid. What ever you will make us.
Thraſ. Enter our City, Noble *Alcibiades*:
But leave your Rage behind you.
Iſand. Set but your Foot againſt our Gates, and they
Shall open——ſo you will enter like a Friend.
Alcib. Open the Gates without Capitulations.
For if I ſet my Battering Rams to work,
You muſt expect no Mercy.
Nic. We will, my good Lord——
{ *They all come down,* Nic. *preſents* Alcibiades *the Keys upon his Knees.*
Our Lives and Fortunes now are in thy hands;
But we fly to thy Mercy for Protection.
Alcib. You merit as much Mercy as you ſhow'd
To *Thraſibulus*, ſuch monſtrous Ingratitude
Will make your Villainous Names grow odious
To all the Race of Men, but to your ſelves
To whom Vertue is ſo.
Phæ. 'Twas the whole Senate's Voice.
Alcib. A Senate, a Den of Thieves! I little thought
When I wreſted the Pow'r from the Rabble,
To give it you, you would be worſe than they;
But moſt of you deſerve the Oſtraciſm:
Some of you are ſuch Rogues you'd ſhame the Gibbet.
Nic. Good my Lord! tread on our Necks, but pardon us.
Phæ. We'll be your Slaves if you'll forgive us.
Alcib. Can you forgive *Thraſibulus* when he's dead?
Muſt we be us'd thus after our frequent Hazards, and our
Toils, hard weary Marching! Watching! Faſting!
Such dreadful Hardſhips, lying out ſuch Nights,
A Beaſt could not abide without a Covert,
And all for Purſy-lazy-Knaves, that ſnort
In Peace at home, and wallow in their Bags?
Muſt we the Bulwarks of our Country be
Thus us'd?
Phæ. Ceaſe to reproach us, my good Lord.
Ælius. We are full of Shame and Guilt.

Cleon. Pardon us, good *Alcibiades.*
Thraſ. We heartily repent.
Iſid. We'll kiſs thy Feet, good Lord.
Iſand. Do with us what thou wilt.
Alcib. You ſix of the foremoſt here muſt meet me
In the Αγυξ, where I'll order the πεντανς
To aſſemble all the People——
And on your Knees preſent your ſelves
With Halters 'bout your Necks!
Phæax. Oh my good Lord!
Alcib. Diſpute it not, for by the Gods if you
Fail in this Point, I'll hang ye all,
Riſle your Houſes, and extirpate all
Your Race——March on.
Give order that not a Man ſhall break his Ranks,
Or ſhall offend the regular Courſe of Juſtice,
On Penalty of Death——March on—— [*Ex. omnes.*

Enter Timon *and* Evandra *coming out of the Cave.*

Evan. Oh my dear Lord! why do you ſtoop and bend
Like Flowers o'ercharg'd with Dew, whoſe yielding Stalks
Cannot ſupport 'em? I have a Cordial which
Will much revive thy Spirits.
Tim. No, ſweet *Evandra,*
I have taken the beſt Cordial, Death, which now
Kindly begins to work about my Vitals;
I feel him, he comforts me at Heart.
Evan. Oh my dear *Timon*! muſt we then part?
That I ſhould live to ſee this fatal Day!
Had Death but ſeiz'd me firſt, I had been happy.
Tim. My poor *Evandra!* lead me to my Grave!
Leſt Death o'ertake me——he purſues me hard:
He's cloſe upon me. 'Tis the laſt Office thou
Canſt do for *Timon.*
Evan. Hard, ſtubborn Heart,
Wilt thou not break yet? Death, why art thou coy
To me that courts thee?
Tim. Lay me gently down in my laſt Tenement.
Death's the trueſt Friend,
That will not flatter, but deals plainly with us.
So now my weary Pilgrimage on Earth
Is almoſt finiſht! Now, my beſt *Evandra,*
I charge thee, by our Loves, our mutual Loves,
Live, and live happy after me: and if
A Thought of *Timon* comes into thy Mind,
And brings a Tear from thee, let ſome diverſion
Baniſh it—quickly, ſtrive to forget me.

Evan.

Evan. Oh! *Timon!* Think'ſt thou I am ſuch a Coward,
I will not keep my word? Death ſhall not part us.
Tim. If thou'lt not promiſe me to live, I cannot
Reſign my Life in Peace, I will be with thee
After my Death; my Soul ſhall follow thee,
And hover ſtill about thee, and guard thee from all harm.
Evan. Life is the greateſt harm, when thou art dead.
Tim. Can'ſt thou forgive thy *Timon* who involv'd
Thee in his ſad Calamities?
Evan. It is a Bleſſing to ſhare any thing with thee!
Oh thou look'ſt pale! thy Countenance changes!
Oh whither art thou going?
Tim. To my laſt home. I charge thee live, *Evandra!*
Thou lov'ſt me not, if thou wilt not obey me;
Thou only! Deareſt! Kind! Conſtant Thing on Earth,
Farewel. [*Dies.*
Evan. He's gone! he's gone! would all the World were ſo,
I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall not o'rtake him in his Flight.
Timon, I come, ſtay for me,
Farewel, baſe World. [*Stabs her ſelf. Dies.*

Enter Alcibiades, Phrinias, *and* Thais, *his Officers and Souldiers, and his Train, the Senators. The People by degrees aſſembling.*

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. My *Alcibiades*, welcome! doubly welcome!
The Joys of Love and Conqueſt ever bleſs thee.
Wonder and Terrour of Mankind, and Joy
Of Woman-kind: now thy *Meliſſa*'s happy:
She has liv'd to ſee the utmoſt day ſhe wiſht for,
Her *Alcibiades* return with Conqueſt
O'er this ungrateful City; and but that
I every day heard thou wert marching hither,
I had been with thee long e'er this.
Alcib. What gay, Vain, Prating Thing is this?
Mel. How, my Lord! do you queſtion who *Meliſſa* is?
And give her ſuch foul Titles?
Alcib. I know *Meliſſa*, and therefore give her ſuch Titles:
For when the Senate baniſht me;
She would not ſee me, tho' upon her Knees
Before ſhe had ſworn Eternal Love to me;
I ſee thy Snares too plain, to be caught now.
Mel. I ne'er refus'd to ſee you, Heav'n can witneſs!
Who ever told you ſo, betray'd me baſely:
Not ſee you! ſure there's not a Sight on Earth

I'd chuſe before you: You make me aſtoniſh'd!

Alcib. All this you ſwore to *Timon*; and next day
Deſpis'd him——I have been inform'd
Of all your Falſehood, and I hate thee for't;
I have Whores, good honeſt faithful Whores!
Good Antidotes againſt thy Poiſon——Love;
Thy baſe falſe Love; and tell me, is not one
Kind, Faithful, Loving Whore, better than
A thouſand baſe, ill-natur'd honeſt Women?

Mel. I never thought I ſhould have liv'd to hear
This from my *Alcibiades.*

Alcib. Do not weep,
Since I once lik'd thee, I'll do ſomething for thee:
I have a Corporal that has ſerv'd me well,
I will prefer you to him.

Mel. How have I merited this Scorn——Farewel,
I'll never ſee you more. [*Exit.*

Alcib. I hope you will not.

Enter Souldiers with drawn Swords, haling in Apemantus.

How now! what means this Violence?

1 *Sould.* My Lord! this ſnarling Villainous Philoſopher,
With open mouth rail'd at the Army;
He ſaid the General was a Villain: ſhall we cut his Throat?

Alcib. No! touch him not! unhand him!
Why, *Apemantus*, didſt thou call me Villain?

Apem. I always ſpeak my Thoughts: not all
The Swords o'th' Army bent againſt my Throat
Can fright me from the Truth——

Alcib. Why doſt thou think I am one?

Apem. 'Tis true, this baſe Town deſerves thy Scourge,
And all the Terrour and the Puniſhment,
Thou canſt inflict upon it: the Deed is good,
But yet thou doſt it ill; private Revenge,
Baſe Paſſion, headſtrong Luſt, incite thee to it;
Had they not baniſh'd thee, thou wou'dſt have ſuffer'd
Wrong ſtill to proſper, and th'inſulting Tyrants
To thrive, ſwell and grow fat with their Oppreſſion,
And would'ſt have join'd in them.

Alcib. Thou rail'ſt too much for a Philoſopher.

Apem. Nay frown not, Lord, I fear thee not, nor love thee,
All thy good Parts thou drown'ſt in Vice and Riot,
In Paſſion, and Vain-glory: how proud art thou
Of all thy Conqueſts——when a poor Rabble
Of Idle Rogues who elſe had been in Jayls,
Perform'd 'em for thee; How falſe is Souldiers Honour
With Drums and Trumpets, and in the Face of day

With

VVith daring Impudence Men go to murther
Mankind——but in the greateſt Actions of their Lives
The getting Men, they ſneak and hide themſelves i'th' dark;
I ſcorn your Folly and your Madneſs.
Alcib. Thou art a ſnarling Cur.
1 *Sould.* Shall I run him through?
Alcib. Hold.
Apem. I fear thee not.
Alcib. My ever honoured *Socrates* favour'd thee,
And for his ſake I ſpare thee.
Apem. How much did *Socrates* loſe his Pains in thee!
Hadſt thou obſerv'd his Principles thou'dſt been honeſt.
Enter Nicias, Thraſillus, Phæax, Iſidore, Iſander, Ælius, *and* Cleon, *with Halters about their Necks.*
Nic. VVe come, my Noble Lord, at thy Command,
And thus we humbly kneel before thy Mercy
Phæ. Spare our Lives, and we'll employ 'em
In thy Service, worthy *Alcibiades.*
Alcib. Do you acknowledge you are ungrateful Knaves?
All. VVe do.
Alcib. And that you have uſed me baſely?
All. VVe have, but we are very ſorry.
Alcib. I ſhould do well to hang you for the Death
Of my brave Officer! but thouſand ſuch baſe Lives
As yours would not weigh with his! go, ye have
Your Liberty. And now the People are aſſembled,
I will declare my Intentions towards them. [*He aſcends the Pulpit.*
My Fellow Citizens! I will not now upraid
You for the unjuſt Sentence paſt upon me,
In the Return of which I have ſubdu'd
Your Enemies and all revolted Places,
Made you Victorious both at Land and Sea,
And have with continual Toil, and numberleſs Dangers
Stretcht out the Bounds of your Dominions far
Above your Hopes or Expectations.
I will not recount the many Enterpriſes,
No *Grecian* can be ignorant of. 'Tis enough
You know how I have ſerv'd you. Now it remains
I farther ſhou'd declare my ſelf; I come
Firſt to free you, good Citizens of *Athens,*
From the moſt inſupportable Yokes
Of your four hundred Tyrants; and then next
To claim my own Eſtate, which has unjuſtly
By them been kept from me that rais'd them.
I do confeſs, I, in Revenge of your Decree
Againſt me, ſet up them, but never thought

They

They would have been ſuch curſed Tyrants to you,
Till now, they have gone on and fill'd the time
With moſt licentious Acts; making their Wills,
Their baſe corrupted Wills, the Scope of Juſtice,
While you in vain groan'd under all your Suff'rings.
Thus when a few ſhall Lord it o'er the reſt,
They govern for themſelves and not the People.
They rob and pill from them, from thence t'increaſe
Their private Stores; but when the Government
Is in the Body of the People, they will do themſelves no harm;
Therefore henceforth I do pronounce the Government
Shall devolve upon the People, and may Heav'n proſper 'em.

People ſhout and cry Alcibiades! Alcibiades! *Long live* Alcibiades, *Liberty, Liberty*, &c. [Alcib. *deſcends.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble Lord! I went as you commanded,
And found Lord *Timon* dead, and his *Evandra*
Stab'd, and juſt by him lying in his Tomb,
On which was this Inſcription.

Alcib. I'll read it.

Here lies a wretched Corſe, of wretched Soul bereft,
Timon *my Name, a Plague conſume you Caitiffs left.*

Poor *Timon!* I once knew thee the moſt flouriſhing Man
Of all th'*Athenians*, and thou ſtill had'ſt been ſo,
Had not theſe ſmiling, flattering Knaves devour'd thee,
And murder'd thee with baſe Ingratitude.
His Death pull'd on the poor *Evandra*'s too;
That Miracle of Conſtancy in Love.
Now all repair to their reſpective Homes,
Their ſeveral Trades, their Buſineſs and Diverſions;
And whilſt I guard you from your active Foes,
And fight your Battels, be you ſecure at home.
May Athens *flouriſh with a laſting Peace;*
And may its Wealth and Power ever increaſe.

All the People ſhout and cry, Alcibiades! Alcibiades!
Liberty, Liberty, &c.

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

IF there were hopes that ancient ſolid Wit
Might pleaſe within our new fantaſtick Pit;
This Play might then ſupport the Criticks ſhock,
The Scien grafted upon Shakeſpear's Stock;
For join'd with his our Poet's part might thrive,
Kept by the Vertue of his Sap alive.
Though now no more ſubſtantial Engliſh Plays,
Than good old Hoſpitality you praiſe;
The Time ſhall come when true old Senſe ſhall riſe
In Judgment over all your Vanities.
Sleight Kickſhaw-Wit o'th' Stage, French Meats at Feaſts,
Now daily tantalize the hungry Gueſts;
While the old Engliſh ſhine us'd to remain,
And many hungry Onſets would ſuſtain.
At theſe thin Feaſts each Morſel's ſwallow'd down,
And every thing but the Gueſts Stomach's gone.
At theſe new faſhion'd Feaſts you've but a Taſt,
With Meat or Wit you ſcarce can break a Faſt.
This Jantee Sleightneſs to the French we owe,
And that makes all ſleight Wits admire 'em ſo:
They're of one Level, and with little Pains
The Frothy Poet good reception gains;
But to hear Engliſh Wit there's uſe of Brains.
Though Sparks to imitate the French think fit
In Want of Learning, Affectation, Wit,
And which is moſt, in Cloaths we'll ne'er ſubmit.
Their Ships or Plays o'er ours ſhall ne'er advance,
Or our Third Rates ſhall match the Firſt of France.
With Engliſh Judges this may bear the Teſt,
Who will for Shakeſpear's Part forgive the reſt.
The Sparks judge but as they hear others ſay,
They cannot think enough to mind a Play.
They to catch Ladies (which they dreſs at) come,
Becauſe they cannot read or think at home;
Both here deux yeux and am'rous Looks imparts,
Heels Crevats and Perriwigs at Hearts;

Yet

Yet they themselves more than the Ladies mind,
And but for Vanity wou'd have 'em kind;
No Passion———
But for their own Dear Persons them can move,
Th' admire themselves too much to be in Love.
Nor Wit nor Beauty their hard Hearts can strike,
Who only their own Sense or Persons like.
But to the Men of Wit our Poet flies,
To save him from Wits mortal Enemies.
Since for his Friends he has the best of those,
Guarded by them he fears not little Foes.
And with each Mistress we must Favour find,
Though for Evandra's sake, will sure be kind;
At least all those to Constant Love inclin'd.

FINIS.